Week ending December 12 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

VICTOR CANNING'S GREAT NOVEL
The Man from the Turkish Slave

DETECTIVES IN KHAKI: Secrets of the army's Scotland Yard

A brilliant, heart-warming story by PEARL BUCK

YOU NEED SURF FOR A Spotless Boil!

Look at those whites—what a spotless boil! Yes—with Surf in the copper to help you, even hard-to-shift stains vanish. That's the great advantage Surf has over other detergents. It's the first designed specially to give you a *spotless boil*. That's why Surf is the world's most complete detergent.

There's no better example of Surf's completeness than the way it boils nappies—spotlessly! Just listen to baby's joyful gurgling, wrapped in a snowy, soft, Surf-washed nappy.

If you'd like to hang out your coloured things spotlessly bright, gay as a spring window-box, into Surf with them, too. And it's good to know that Surf makes water soft as rain.

MORE THAN JUST WHITE—SPOTLESS! Everything you put in a Surf boil comes up spotless. There was a nasty stain on that sheet—where her young ladyship sploshed supper in bed. Look as close as you like—it's spotless now! And the same goes for the coloureds. Spotless—because Surf is the complete detergent.

Next washday do try Surf. You and Surf are the most successful washday team ever. Whites, coloureds, fine things—everything will be spotless, because Surf is . . .

THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE DETERGENT

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A *LEVER* PRODUCT

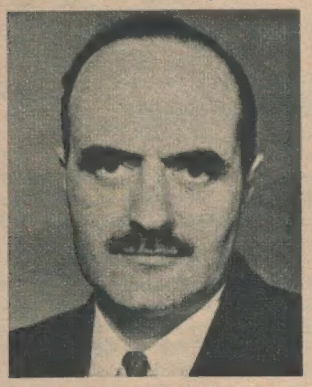
EDITORIAL

Pie in the sky

In all the excitement about television, the people who live in the ten million homes without a TV set sometimes seem to be forgotten. They are the faithful listeners to the B.B.C.'s sound programmes—or would be, if they could hear them.

Listeners who can have a clear choice between the B.B.C.'s three programmes are fortunate. There are "black spots" all over the country—in Scotland and the West Country, East Anglia and even in London itself.

The Home Service cannot be heard by 7.6 per cent of the population, the Light Programme by 1.4 per cent. Only 69.5 per cent can hear the Third Programme—and even then, says Mr. Robert Silvey, B.B.C. audience research chief, "There are all too many places where reception is so bad that listening to it is a penance."



MR. HAROLD BISHOP
War on the black spots

Recently, things have got worse. Mr. Harold Bishop, the B.B.C.'s director of technical services, says: "Some five million people are unable to receive the Home Service satisfactorily after dark because of heterodyne whistles, splash from adjacent stations and other interference. It is impossible to cope with the increased number and power of stations in Europe, and we will be fortunate if a further deterioration of reception can be averted."

Many listeners handicap themselves in all this chaos by failing to have efficient outdoor aerials, says the B.B.C. But for the genuinely black spots, a chain of Very High Frequency stations will eventually be built—nineteen for the Home Service, sixteen each for the other two programmes.

As they will be on the low wavebands below five metres, these new stations will be free from interference. They will probably use Frequency Modulation—which means that listeners will have to buy new sets.

To compensate for that, however, listeners to Frequency Modulation will hear near-perfect reproduction of music and speech, and the number of stations that can be squeezed into the waveband is practically unlimited.

Some visionaries foresee the day when Frequency Modulation listeners will have a choice between twenty stations broadcasting in English—enough to cater for all tastes and moods. But all this is pie in the sky. Since the end of the war we have invested about £180 million in new radio sets. Every year we spend more than £10 million on licence fees for sound radio. We have a right to hear what we pay for—and quickly, too.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A fortnight to go, and the finishing touches are put to the best-kept secret of the year. Below, the children drop off to sleep wondering what the muffled creaks above will bring forth on the Day. Artist Mike Charlton—father of two youngsters, Ruth and Micky—uses the cellar as his hide-out. Seeking atmosphere for his first cover painting, he visited friends' attics. "Despite apologies for the mess," he says, "I could not find one untidy enough".

OTHER POPULAR GILBEY SHERRIES

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Aperitif	18/-
Listan Pale	20/-
Rustan Brown	21/-

Also in half flasks

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT **GILBEY'S**

Make TRACKS for CRAX!

Whether you're throwing a sherry party or giving the baby his milk and biscuits, "CRAX" will keep the party keen! Quite, quite irresistible! 'Short' and slightly *sweet*. Sprayed with golden fat (no butter needed!). And (believe it or not) frosted with a glitter of SALT!

Out of this world
—but at your Grocers

Unbelievably more-ish. Right at any time. Giant carton, triple-sealed to keep 'em crisp, 2/-.

M&D

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FOR HANDYMEN 8 TO 80 . . .

Make it a STANLEY gift this Christmas

Many STANLEY TOOLS are available in attractive GIFT BOXES

You can't go wrong — he can't go wrong — when you give him STANLEY TOOLS! They are the ones he really wants—they last a lifetime. This Christmas give STANLEY TOOLS, the natural choice of craftsman and handyman alike.

OTHER STANLEY TOOLS AVAILABLE INCLUDE:

Block planes, rabbet planes, spokeshaves, bit braces, hand drills, breast drills, "Yankee" spiral ratchet screwdrivers, 'Phillips' screwdrivers, trimming knives, etc.

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THE TOOL BOX OF THE WORLD

Never neglect a scratch!

After cleansing, protect all minor skin injuries with

Of all chemists 1'9

NEW-SKIN

Protective WATERPROOF COATING

Transparent — washable — easily removable

The world's fastest shaver!

YOURS FOR £1 DEPOSIT

REMINGTON "60" DRY SHAVER
14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Wonderful idea for Christmas gift — the new sensational Remington 60 sent in handsome presentation case for £1 down and 8 monthly payments of 24/-, Cash £9.19.0. Money refunded without question if dissatisfied. 210/250v. AC/DC.

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
DECEMBER 12, 1953 VOL. 94 NUMBER 2476 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

The boys next door knew best

OUR new neighbours have two boys aged three and five, and when they moved in my own three sons went round to say hallo. They took with them our two dogs and our large ginger cat.

That evening a note was dropped through my letter-box. It came from our neighbour and rather frostily requested me to tell my children not to bring their pets near her sons. Animals, she wrote, are a menace to the health of the young. I felt sorry for her boys, for I believe that every child should be brought up to love animals. However, I did as she requested, and there was no more trouble. But last week I looked from a bedroom window—and the boys next door were feeding our dogs through the fence.—MRS. S. D. C., County Durham.

Family Circles

DRIVING along a quiet road in the Midlands last spring, I surprised a group of small animals which were crossing the road. They were not so road-conscious as the wise sow which C. Gray described in "Free Speech"; they seemed confused by the arrival of the car and started running round in circles. I stopped to avoid hitting them and saw that they were a family of weasels. The mother picked them up one by one in her mouth and carried them to the grass verge. Unfortunately one little weasel went under my car. Its mother seemed too frightened to follow it, so I switched off the engine. She gathered her courage and ran beneath the car, emerging on the other side with her offspring in her mouth.—L. J. HOLLAND, Greengate, Middleton, near Manchester.

Sight And Sound

WHEN I saw Paul Rainer's cover painting (JOHN BULL, November 21) showing a young man buying an ice in a cinema, I felt sorry for the patrons whose view of the screen was being interrupted as he moved along the row. But there are worse annoyances. One evening a young man sat in front of me. When the sales girl came round he jumped up and asked for one chocolate ice, one plain ice and a packet of crisps. He ate the two ices in quick succession, and my attention was completely distracted from the film by the waggling of his ears as he swallowed. While he smoked I could concentrate on the story, but after a while he started on the crisps. Now the ear-waggling was accompanied by crunching sounds and the rustle of the paper bag. His next course was a banana. I changed my seat.—MRS. B. H., Doncaster.

Four Too Many

BEFORE I was married a friend gave me a little plaster dog. I did not like it at all, but as I was fond of my friend and did not want to upset her I put it on a shelf in a prominent position. Then I was given another dog to match, and in time I was presented with two more, making four of the revolting creatures. Last weekend an elderly relative came to visit us. She looked round, and said, "Well, I'm sure I know what you would like for Christmas—another of those dear little dogs." She is very sweet and very deaf, so I did not even attempt to explain.—MRS. S. R., Middlesex.

Merrier Christmas

MY fifteen-year-old son decided that we needed something new in the way of Christmas decorations this year and came to me with an elaborate scheme. The hall, he said, was to be baronial—he would line it with mock family portraits. The upstairs landing would be the Arctic, with a cardboard igloo and the deer's head from the attic. There would be a space-ship in the playroom used by his three young brothers, and their bedroom could be a zoo. His own room would be an artist's studio. In the dining-room, exotic travel posters would remind us of the summer sun. I was thankful to hear that the drawing-room was to be reasonably conventional, with holly, mistletoe, a Christmas tree and an imitation wine cellar with ginger-beer bottles labelled in vintages. It all sounded good fun to me, so I gave my financial backing up to £2. Preparations are now in hand.—GILBERT SMITH, Derbyshire.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Farmer Morris's black fortnight

How foot-and-mouth disease struck at Foliejon Park Farm

Back In The Swim

THE other morning my wife found our goldfish Tosh (Tish died) lying on the floor. He had jumped out of his bowl during the night. My wife is rather squeamish so she did not touch him, but shouted for me. I came down about ten minutes later and picked up the fish to throw it outside. But I felt a slight movement so I popped it back in the bowl. It lay on the bottom, apparently lifeless. I prodded it gently and it moved a little. Then I filled the bowl with lukewarm water and prodded a little more, and after about half an hour the fish was swimming round quite strongly. It made a complete recovery.—KENNETH HURST, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire.

If its gills are damp, a goldfish can live out of water for some time. Goldfish have lived for two or three days in damp grass or moss, says a member of the staff of the London Zoo.

Dark Tan

WE arrived late at the youth hostel, and had to get into our bunks after lights out. My arms were stinging from our hike in the autumn wind and sun, so I asked my friend if I could use her face-cream. She said that I could, if I rummaged for it in her rucksack. I found it, and used it liberally. Next morning I had a terrible fright. My arms were blood-red. Luckily my friend guessed at once what had happened. In the dark I had found her ox-blood boot polish.—MISS J. B., Acklam, Yorkshire.

Water Baby

I HAVE often heard people say that their cats detest water. Our cat Button certainly doesn't. As soon as he hears the bath water running and the children's voices, he dashes into the bathroom, and there he stays until the last drop of water has drained away. His usual position is near the taps, but occasionally he walks along the edge of the bath, stopping to touch

each of the three children with a gentle paw. They love it and shriek with excitement.—MRS. M. JONES, Markham Avenue, Rawdon, Leeds.

Escape Practice

AS a former submariner with seven years' prewar experience, I enjoyed C. E. T. Warren's story "The Sinking Of The O.5" (JOHN BULL, November 14). The reference to the Davis Submarine Escape Apparatus tank reminded me of one of the narrowest squeaks that I ever had. One day in 1934 I was doing my quarterly practice dip with a stoker from the submarine in which I was serving, H.M.S. Osiris. We were shut in the chamber, and I flooded up. When the water came over my head, I climbed up to open the hatch. At that moment the stoker lost his nerve. Tearing off his set he gripped me so frenziedly that I could do nothing to help. My noseclip came off in the struggle and I started choking and gasping. For what seemed an age we were shut in that tiny enclosed space under water. Then the instructor realized that something was wrong and opened the emergency drain. We flopped out like stranded codfish.—COMMANDER WILLIAM DONALD, D.S.C., Keswick, Cumberland.

Farms Anonymous

WHILE travelling along the Dee Valley to Aberdeen I saw the gay and attractive farm sign which is shown in my photograph. It is made of metal and coloured. Other farmers would do well to copy this example. In my journeys throughout the country I

have seen many farms without even the simplest sign at the gate to give their names. This can make things difficult for agricultural merchants' vanmen and visitors who do not know the district.—F. G., Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Has your wife fallen for 'FORMICA'?

Surfaces marked with a star are straightforward 'FORMICA' jobs—those with a circle are best left to an expert.

A kitchen aglow with jewel-bright clean-at-a-wipe 'FORMICA' Laminated Plastic is every woman's dream. Now you can buy handy-sized panels and do the job yourself, easily, economically.

TAKE A FEW PANELS of 'FORMICA' Laminated Plastic veneer, a tin of the right adhesive, and a few hours' work—that's the recipe for the freedom kitchen your wife deserves. For a few pounds you can make your kitchen a show place—brighter, better-looking, easier to run for a lifetime. A 'FORMICA' panel 3'×2' costs 33/- and the adhesive 7/-; to give you an idea of what you need to spend.

MAKE YOUR PLANS NOW. Measure the surface you want to cover, tables, shelves, kitchen-cabinet tops, all the surfaces that need frequent cleaning and get hard wear. Work out your colour scheme—see the range of fresh gay colours and patterns of 'FORMICA' at your hardware store. Ask for the 'FORMICA' leaflet or write to us for a copy. It tells you how to tackle the many 'FORMICA' resurfacing jobs any handyman can do, and tells you about the few specialist jobs best left to an expert.

WHY NOT MAKE A START with a table? See for yourself what an easy job it is, how little it costs and what a difference it makes!

'FORMICA' IS LOVELY TO LIVE WITH

It saves time on almost every kitchen job.
A damp cloth keeps it gleaming.
It thrives on hard wear—won't chip or crack.
It's practically impervious to heat, stains, household acids—and children!
It can't harbour germs or dirt.

Here are the Panel Sizes and Prices

SIZE	PRICE	SIZE	PRICE
3'×2'	33/-	4½'×2'	49/4
4'×2½'	49/4	4'×3'	66/-

Evo-Stik Adhesive 7/- per tin.

Available in Blue, Green, Buff, Pink and Grey LINETTE; Scarlet Red SOFT-GLOW panels cost slightly more.

FORMICA LAMINATED PLASTIC MADE BY DE LA RUE

the surface with a smile

'FORMICA' is a registered trade mark and Thomas De La Rue & Co. Ltd. is the registered user.

WRITE FOR FREE LEAFLET THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO. LTD. (PLASTICS DIVISION)

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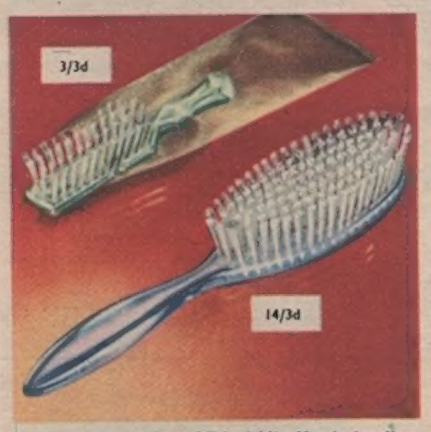
THIS YEAR'S *Addis* GIFT PARADE

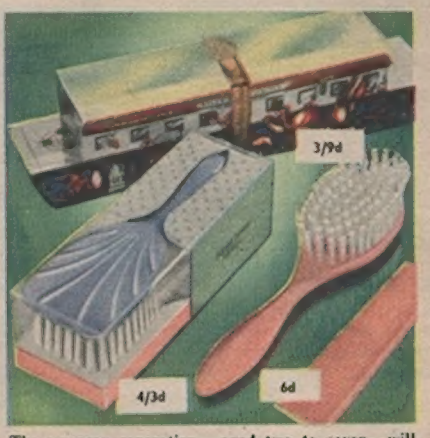
The loveliest of presents for her—this deep-brushing Addis Beauty Brush in its new presentation pack. Price 12/6d. The Junior model in a plastic pack costs 8/-. Addis Beauty Comb 1/10d. All in moonstone-blue, zircon-green and pink topaz.



Every woman needs a 3/3d. Addis Handy handbag brush. On the other hand, slim, traditional Patrician is for Very Important People only. Finest natural bristle 33/6d., extra springy Flextron 14/3d. All in Addis jewel colours.

Now three for the men. The Addis "Brainwave" brush, ebony or tortoiseshell colours, with its home for a comb, 12/- complete. A pair of "Service" Military brushes, clear or amber, 20/-. Or the Addis "Featherweight" at 5/3d.

Addis Elizabethan is something really new—a cushion hairbrush with a translucent back handsomely decorated with a silvered Elizabethan motif. In the famous Addis jewel colours: moonstone-blue, zircon-green and pink topaz, price 11/6d.



The younger generation—aged two to seven—will love the Addis 227 brush of medium nylon in its gay little Noah's Ark box. Price 3 9d. And for the really tiny ones there's the 4/3d. Addis Baby Hairbrush in baby pink or blue. Comb to match, 6d.

The Addis Beauty hand-mirror is light, elegant and well-proportioned. (Matches the "Beauty" and "Patrician" brushes, too.) In moonstone-blue, zircon-green and pink topaz, 18/11d.

You can make up a matched set of Addis accessories as above. Hairbrush 3004, 5/6d. Beauty comb 1/10d. Pocket clothes-brush 1/8d. Little Grippy nailbrush 1/8d.—with perhaps a mirror, as on the left, 18/11d.

The perfect Christmas gift!

8 miniature bottles 20/- POST-PAID

The Sampler contains miniature bottles of:—

REGENCY DRY
A traditional blend from Sunny Spain. Firm favourite with men!
20/- the full-size bottle.

REGENCY BROWN
Heavenly nutty aroma—one of Spain's finest sherries.
20/- the full-size bottle.

REGENCY CREAM
Supreme! Rich in subtle flavour, velvet to the palate.
23/- the full-size bottle.

AMONTILLADO
Wonderful for sharpening jaded appetites! A perfect Apéritif.
22/- the full-size bottle.

HUNTING
A superb medium - golden Spanish sherry of rare inheritance.
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CAPE DRY
More masculine delight! Finds favour too with women who appreciate a dry South African sherry.
14/6 the full-size bottle.

CAPE BROWN
A distinctive South African sherry, imported exclusively by Grant's.
14/6 the full-size bottle.

CAPE CREAM
Another fine South African wine shipped especially by Grant's.
14/6 the full-size bottle.

Grant's offer *you* this wonderful new Sherry Sampler containing eight miniature, yet *generous*, bottles of really fine sherry — including all three famous 'Regency' brands! It's a smart idea to order a Sampler *now*, select *your* personal choice of sherry, and then order its big brother — well in time for Christmas. With sherry in the house you are splendidly equipped to offer the occasional guest flattering hospitality, to say nothing of the moments when you yourself will appreciate a glass to smooth out life's ups and downs!

GRANT'S

REGENCY SHERRIES

The Sampler is available from all Ind Coope & Allsopp houses, B. Grant's shops, or by filling in the coupon below.

TO B. GRANT & COMPANY LIMITED
21 BURY ST. ST. JAMES'S LONDON S.W.1

Please send me a GRANT'S SHERRY SAMPLER, post-paid. I enclose P.O./Cheque for 20/-.

Name _____

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J.B./52 **BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE**

ORDER NOW

Listen, ladies, and you'll hear . . .

"Give us WILLS's WHIFFS this year!"

IF you want to say "Happy Christmas" in a very special way, say it with Wills's Whiffs. There's a real luxury feeling about these grand little cigars which are appreciated by all young men from 18 to 80 — and they cost so little!

Tins of 12—7/2½d.
(in a gay Christmas wrapping)
and boxes of 3 for 1/10d.
6 for 3/7½d. 25 for 15/-

The little cigar with the BIG reputation

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. WW348

every man needs

There are TOOTAL Ties to suit every occasion from a board meeting to a boxing match, with designs in dozens to suit every point of view. At prices every man can afford, they give the looks and wear of far more expensive ties. They are washable and marked TEBILIZED for tested crease resistance and TOOTAL guaranteed.

Red Quality 3/- Blue Quality 4/-
Green Quality 4/- Black Quality 5/- Boys' 3/-

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The good deed of Mrs. Pan

by ***PEARL BUCK***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Men flocked to a pretty woman, and left the plain ones alone. Alas, sighed Mrs. Pan. Here was a good plain one who deserved a husband

MR. PAN was worried about his mother. He had been worried about her when she was in China, and now he was worried about her in New York, although he had thought that once he got her out of his ancestral village in the province of Szechuen and safely away from the local bullies, who took over when the distant government fell, his anxieties would be ended.

When he saw her on the wharf that day, a tiny dazed little old woman, in a lavender silk coat and black skirt, he thought that they would live happily together, he and his wife, their four small children and his beloved mother, in the huge safety of the American city.

It soon became clear, however, that safety was not enough for old Mrs. Pan. She did not even appreciate the fact, which he repeated again and again, that had she remained in the village she would now have been dead, because she was the widow of a large landowner.

Old Mrs. Pan listened to this without reply, but her eyes, looking very large in her small, withered face, were haunted with homesickness.

"There are many things worse than death, especially at my age," she replied at last, when again her son reminded her of her good fortune in being where she was.

There was nothing that Mr. Pan and his wife did not try to do for his mother, in order to make her happy. They prepared the food that she had once enjoyed, but she had no appetite. She touched one dish and another with the ends of her ivory chopsticks, which she had brought with her from her home, and she thanked them prettily.

"It is all good," she said, "but the water is not the same as our village water; it tastes of metal and not of earth, and so the flavour is not the same. Please allow the children to eat it."

SHE was afraid of the children. They went to school and spoke English very well and Chinese very badly, and since she could speak no English, it distressed her to hear her own language maltreated by their careless tongues. For a time she tried to coax them to a few lessons, or she told them stories, to which they were too busy to listen.

Instead, they preferred to look at the moving pictures in the box that stood on a table in the living-room. She gave them up finally and merely watched them contemplatively when

For a long time, Mrs. Pan watched the street from her window. She looked carefully at all the men below—particularly the young ones

The young man brought the dishes for Mrs. Pan. Lili Yang, shy and embarrassed, kept silent

they were in the same room with her and was glad when they were gone.

She liked her son's wife, even though she had never been to China. She liked her for her kindness, for the way she spoke to her always in a gentle voice, however she might shout at the children, who were often disobedient.

The disobedience of the children was another grief to old Mrs. Pan. Obedience to their parents and reverence for their elders were the first lessons a child should learn.

"How is it," she once asked her son, "that the children do not know how to obey?"

Mr. Pan laughed, though uncomfortably. "Here the children are not taught as we were in China," he explained.

"But my grandchildren are Chinese, nevertheless," old Mrs. Pan said in some astonishment.

"They are always with the other children," Mr. Pan explained. "It is difficult to teach them."

OLD Mrs. Pan did not understand. She felt in her heart that the children should be kept at home and taught those things which must be learned, but she said nothing. She felt lonely and there was no one who understood the things she felt and she was quite useless. That was the most difficult thing; she was of no use here. She could not even remember which spout the hot water came from and which brought the cold. Sometimes she turned on one and then the other, until her son's wife came in briskly and said: "Let me, Mother."

So she gave up and sat useless all day, not by the window, because the machines and the many people frightened her. She sat where she could not see out, she looked at a few books, and day by day she grew thinner and thinner until Mr. Pan was concerned beyond endurance.

One day he said to his wife: "Mollie, we must do something for my mother. There is no use in saving her from death in our village if she dies here in the city. Do you see how thin her hands are?"

"I have seen," his wife said. "But what can we do?"

"Is there no woman you know who can speak Chinese with her?" Mr. Pan asked. "She needs to have someone to whom she can talk about the village and all the things she knows."

Young Mrs. Pan considered. "There is Lili Yang," she said at last. "Her parents made her speak Chinese as a child. She is a social worker in Chinatown. I will call her up."

"Do so," Mr. Pan said.

That very morning, when Mr. Pan was gone, young Mrs. Pan made the call and found her friend, Lili Yang, and she explained everything to her.

"We are really in very much trouble," she said finally. "His mother is thinner every day, and she is so afraid she will die here. She has made us promise that we will not bury her in foreign soil but will send her coffin back to the ancestral village. So we have promised, but can we keep this promise, Lili? Yet I am so afraid, because I think she will die. . . . Please help us, Lili."

Lili Yang promised, and within a few days she came to the apartment, and young Mrs. Pan led her into the inner room which was old Mrs. Pan's room and where she always sat, wrapped in her satin coat and holding a magazine at whose pictures she did not care to look. She took up that magazine when her daughter-in-law came in, because she did not want to hurt her feelings, but the pictures frightened her. The women looked bold and evil, their bosoms bare, and sometimes they only wore a little silk stuff over their legs and thighs. There were also pictures of men and women in embrace, and this shocked her. She wondered that her son's wife would put such a magazine into her hands, but she did not ask questions. There would have been no end to them had she once begun, and ways of foreigners did not interest her.

Most of the time she sat silent and still, her head sunk on her breast, dreaming of the village, the big house where she and her husband had lived together with his parents and where their children were born.

She heard now her daughter-in-law's voice: "Mother, this is a friend. She is Miss Lili Yang. She has come to see you."

Old Mrs. Pan remembered her manners. She tried to rise but Lili took her hands and begged her to keep seated. "You must not rise to one so much younger," she exclaimed.

Old Mrs. Pan lifted her head. "You speak such good Chinese!"

"I was taught by my parents," Lili said. She sat down on a chair near the old lady.

MRS. PAN leaned forward and put her hand on Lili's knees. "Have you been to our country?" she asked eagerly.

Lili shook her head. "That is my sorrow. I have not and I want to know about it. I have come here to listen to you tell me."

"Excuse me," young Mrs. Pan said. "I must prepare dinner for the family."

She slipped away so that the two could be alone and old Mrs. Pan looked after her sadly. "She never wishes to hear; she is always busy."

"You must remember in this country we have no servants," Lili reminded her gently.

"Yes," old Mrs. Pan said, "and why not? I have told my son that it is not fitting to have my daughter-in-law cooking and washing in the kitchen. We should have at least three servants —one for me, one for the children, and one to clean and cook."

Lili did not try to explain. "Everything is different here and let us not talk about it," she said. "Let us talk about your home and the village. I want to know how it looks and what goes on there."

Old Mrs. Pan was delighted. She smoothed the grey satin of her coat as it lay on her knees and she began, "You must know that our village lies in a wide valley from which the mountains rise as sharply as tiger's teeth."

"It is so?" Lili said, making a voice of wonder.

"It is, and the village is not a small one. On

Continued on page 35

PEARL BUCK, author of *The Good Deed Of Mrs. Pan*, is one of the very few women who have won a Nobel Prize for Literature. It was awarded in 1938, just seven years after her great novel *The Good Earth* took the world by storm—the novel that was turned down by many publishers. . . .

This great novel of China, filmed with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in 1937, sold more copies all over the globe than any novel previously, with the exception of *Quo Vadis*. Its publisher, Richard J. Walsh, is now her second husband.

Pearl S. Buck (the "S" stands for Sydenstricker, her maiden name) spent many years in China with her American missionary father, and later did missionary work herself. She has written twenty novels, most of them best-sellers, and now, in her sixties, lives in a farmhouse in Philadelphia. She has five adopted children.

Heart-throb Hughes plays to the gallery

by BERNARD SLYDEL

Almost unknown two years ago, David Hughes now gets three hundred adoring letters a week. One trick has helped him: his intimate wink to the three-and-sixpennies

A TALL, BABY-FACED SINGER with thick lips and well-greased hair prepared to make his entrance at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London. As the orchestra struck up his signature-tune, "Never," he adjusted his shining top-hat, carefully allowed his cloak to drape over a satin-blue evening suit, gripped a light cane and put on his smile. He had just started singing and was moving confidently down a flight of stairs to the applause of a packed house when his twirling cane got caught in a handrail and snapped in two. Thrown off-balance, he only just avoided stumbling into the dancers accompanying the act. The audience tittered.

"Up to that moment," recalls Gwyn Panter, one of the dancers in *Paris To Piccadilly*, "we hadn't liked David Hughes." For the show's first rehearsal he had addressed them as "ladies of the chorus"—a formality which had strengthened the rumour that the new leading man was "high-hat."

Hughes, a twenty-six year old cruiserweight of twelve stone two with sleek black hair and an easygoing manner, has never lacked confidence in his own abilities. While on the dole four years ago he broke into an audition for Henry Hall's *Guest Night* by the simple process of walking in unannounced, and surprised the impresario into engaging him.

"He hadn't a bad voice," Hall says now, "and I thought I might be able to use him occasionally." Soon afterwards, however, Ivor Novello died and left a spot in the show which Hughes filled. He has been in full employment ever since, and now has a contract which keeps him moving between Britain's leading music halls at a gross annual salary of £33,600. With additional income from broadcasts and recordings (his "Never" has sold more than 150,000 copies) he expects to have earned about £35,000 in the financial year ending next April.

Hughes's stay in the supertax class depends partly on a well-modulated voice, but more than anything on the durability of the fashion among his public for what one B.B.C. producer recently called "the intimate stuff that appeals to housewives, spinsters and teenagers."

In fact, Hughes gets three hundred letters a week from fans who write asking for an autographed photograph, his tie, his handkerchief, a lock of hair, his lip-prints on a piece of tissue paper—"I don't know whether I am supposed to use lipstick"—a shoelace, a sock, and underwear. One fan, who admitted she was seventeen, asked for his braces. He sent her a pair.

Many of his fans prefer to visit him in his dressing-room. They show a pass which admits them at the stage door of any theatre where he

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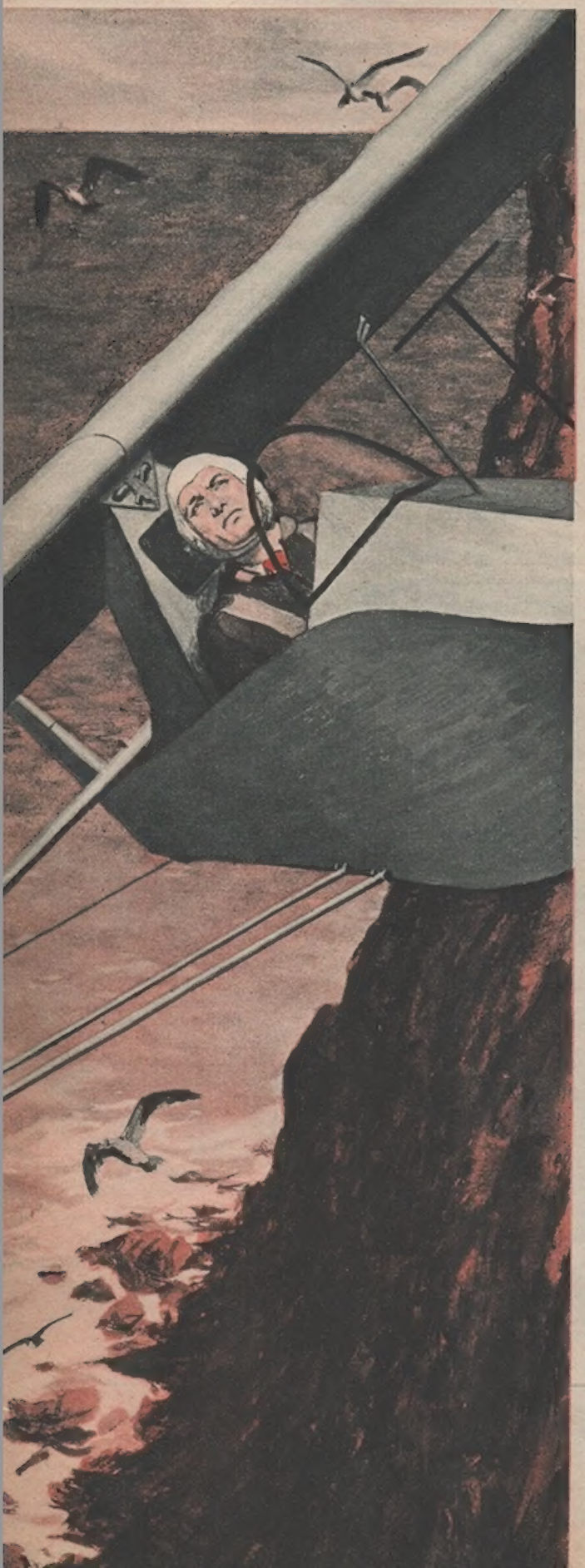
Chorus girls in *Paris To Piccadilly*, who dance as David Hughes sings, once believed him "high hat." Even his secretary thought he was brash

NIGHTMARE IN THE CLOUDS

by JACK TREVOR STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

He'd crashed a plane and killed a man. Now the memory was poisoning his life, destroying his marriage. He had to kill it before it killed him



THAT DAY SEEMED no different from the rest. It had the same dismal beginnings. One remark over breakfast was sufficient to erect the barrier between them. This time Margot made it; a casual, pouring-the-coffee remark.

"Are you going to the works today, Eddie?" she said.

He didn't answer. He played with a bit of toast, his face dark, grim, introspective, looking older than his thirty years. There *was* something different about today. He felt keyed up. It was October, of course, the same month as the crash. And he had had that dream again, had woken up fighting it. Nothing different about that. The old panic, the blackout—or was it just funk? He still didn't know.

Margot passed the coffee and he glanced at her. She had that quiet, suffering expression still. It was hard to remember how pretty her smile was.

She said: "Mr. Carlton phoned yesterday. I told him you were still ill."

"Still?"

"Yes. He rang up on Tuesday, too. There was a design conference—they wanted you there."

"I dare say."

"When you see him," Margot said, "don't forget you've had stomach pains and sickness."

It was her tone that made him angry. Critical, righteous, the tone of a woman whose husband is purposely jeopardizing his job and her security.

"Next time he phones," Eddie said, "tell him I'm dead."

That kind of remark would normally have brought the quarrel to the surface. But he could see that Margot, too, was in a different mood this morning. She stopped eating her breakfast, put her fingers on the edge of the table and looked at him calmly, as though he were some kind of specimen.

"I will," she said. "And I'll tell him just when you died. It was about the time you joined the gliding club, wasn't it? Now I live with a stranger who thinks about nothing except throwing himself around the sky in a glider."

"Sailplane," Eddie corrected. "I've passed the glider stage. And I don't do it for fun, either——"

"Don't I know it! If it made you happy, I wouldn't mind. But it's—it's become a fetish! You hate it, really, and yet you go on doing it."

Eddie stared at her. She had never been quite as outspoken as this before. Did he hate gliding, he wondered? My god, did he not! Hated it, loathed it, was frightened of his fear of it. Twice this week—more next week, probably—he had been up in the sailplane, trying to catch up with the nightmare. The nightmare that had begun in the war: he and Tony Rayburn in the two-seater fighter, the water rushing up at them, and the crash—the crash that had killed Tony, the crash Eddie had been dreaming about for over a year now.

Margot had been terrified the first time he had had the dream. She had been woken up one night by his muffled shouting: "We're going! . . . The sea, Tony—we're going. . . ." It was no ordinary nightmare. She had switched on the light to see Eddie lying on his face, his arms spread out above his head on his pillow, as if trying desperately to ward off a violent impact.

It was the dream that had started him gliding; but he had not got rid of it. It returned, again and again; and each time they had quarrelled, each time he had grown more touchy and withdrawn.

"Eddie, that dream you never quite told me about——" she began.

"I did."

"No, Eddie, you didn't. You know you didn't."

But it was no use.

"I've got to be going," he said.

"So have I," Margot said, in a quieter voice.

Eddie looked at her then. So that was it.

"I just wanted you to know why," she said. "Our life together used to be good, didn't it?"

FOR a moment, that lowered the barrier, but Eddie stayed on his side. She blamed him for everything, he thought; why should he give way?

"I don't pretend to understand what happened, Eddie. I wish I did. Are you trying to prove your courage or competence or something with this gliding? All right—if you fall off a horse, you get on again, even if it's five years later. But why go on getting on, if it only tortures you?"

Because the dream went on, Eddie thought. Certainly he had not told her all of it. Not the bit after the icing up, when he went berserk, when they could have made land, but didn't. How could he tell her, or anyone? He had just gone on hoping that some day he would meet that same nightmare of cloud, wind and ice, with no engine to combat it, just as it had been on that last op.—as it was in the dreams. He could not hold an inquest on what it had done to their marriage.

"Have you finished?" he said.

"Yes," Margot said. "I think the dignified thing to do is part now, before we begin to accept this life as marriage. Because it isn't."

"And whose fault is it?"

Margot stared at him. "If you don't know, I don't."

"You've never stood by me."

"Stood by you in what?"

There was no answer to that. It was all in his mind, the whole bloody thing. It made it no easier. He slammed his chair back and prepared to leave. Margot pushed fine chestnut hair back

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The glider was heading straight for the cliff face. But still Eddie hung on, heedless of the danger, a mad exhilaration surging through him

Eddie lay on his face, shouting, arm raised as if trying desperately to ward off a blow. It was no ordinary nightmare, and Margot was frightened

from her temples with her fingertips. There was a baffled expression around her eyes. She got up and crossed to the writing bureau, scribbled something on a scrap of paper and pushed it near to him as he fumbled for a cigarette.

"That's Daphne's telephone number in Redhill," she said. "If there's ever something to come back to, give me a ring."

He took up the paper, hardly glancing at it, then put it to the fire and lit his cigarette.

"Goodbye then, Eddie," she said, and she was on her way up the stairs before he had slammed the front door.

But that was not the only thing that made the morning so different. Beneath the depression of this final row with Margot, there was a curious core of excitement which Eddie did not understand. He stopped the car at the fork roads, got out and lit another cigarette. The left fork went into the town, passing the electronic instrument factory where he worked. The road to the right went across the downs to the coast, passing the gliding club. Twice already this week he had taken the right fork, and reason told him that this was the morning for work. Something else told him it wasn't.

It was a roughish morning, after early rain. There was a sun-dazzled stratum of thin cloud overhead with brown tattered rain cloud tearing along underneath, low down. Across the downs, and just above them, one lonely sailplane stood against the wind on the lip of the hills encircling the club field. Beyond the sailplane, tall cumulonimbus clouds towered into the sky, black at the base, feather white on top with tell-tale vertical streaks combed upwards, dynamic and yet static, too.

"Ice," Eddie murmured. His skin goose-pimpled.

Suddenly he flicked away the cigarette, got into his car, took the right fork.

Half an hour later, Eddie crossed the clubhouse in flying kit.

Tubby Johnson and Charlie Truman greeted him, both self-conscious.

"Didn't expect you again today, Eddie," Johnson said. Johnson was the gliding club's secretary, and Charlie Truman the instructor.

Eddie knew that they had seen him drive in, had been talking about him. He knew why. He knew that his flying these past few weeks had been enthusiastic to the point of fanaticism. Three times he'd set an over-ambitious goal and had been retrieved by trailer.

The last time he'd brought them out more than 150 miles in pouring rain.

While Johnson gave him the met. figures for cloud base and wind statistics, Eddie gazed up at the bulging cumulus on the horizon. "What's freezing level?" he asked.

"Five thousand feet," Johnson said.

"It won't bother you," Truman said, "not round here, anyway. And that stuff you're looking at is over the coast."

October, and conditions right at last—he felt it. The wind's the same, that bank of cloud the same.

He was soon in the cockpit, thankfully away from people. He glanced along the forty-five

Continued on page 28

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN : *Harry Hopkins visits the Black Country*

ENGLAND'S MEN OF IRON FORGE NEW LINKS

In its drab little towns the modern Iron Age was born. Then its brawny smiths forged the machines to make machines. And the Black Country became not so black any more

I JUMPED ON TO a Midland Red bus in Navigation Street, Birmingham, and in less than half an hour I was well into the Black Country. That was the distance by timetable; the real journey, the journey in Time, was longer.

Quinton . . . Halesowen . . . Rowley Regis on its hill. . . . Just where the frontier is crossed is never easy to say, but the frontier is there, nevertheless—a frontier between worlds. For an elevenpenny bus ticket I was passing, in a matter of minutes, from this contemporary world of conveyor belts and welfare and "workers" in overalls to an older, tougher, rougher world, a world of anvil and foundry and "workmen" in shirtsleeves and mufflers who still lived by the sweat of the brow; from a world that was assembled to a world that was *forged*.

Cradley Heath, where I got off the bus, is famed for its making of anchors and chains. It is a town of smiths, an unobtrusive, smallish place, with long streets of low brick cottages running down into a small valley. Drab, but not outstandingly drab; not outstandingly anything, in fact, yet somehow assured and quietly self-contained.

Yet in the homely stringbag of Black Country names, the name of Cradley Heath still carries its own lurid overtones, for in the fight against the sweat-shops in the nineties the plight of the women chainmakers of Cradley stirred the nation's imagination as had, fifty years earlier, the sufferings of the East End seamstresses who inspired Tom Hood's "Song Of The Shirt."

The nation's anchors and chains—and the world's—are still made here, in Cradley Heath. The long, low shape of the chain-forging houses, with their wide barred windows and their rows of brick chimneys, one above each forge, still catches the eye of the visitor.

And as I wandered around, looking into these places, I saw mountains of chain, chain of all sizes, rustily writhing, fine chain being welded into great lengths for hauling trawlers' nets, heavier chain, made up into slings, for work on the docks, chain polished to pass over pulleys, gargantuan chain, each link preposterously bulky, for anchor-cable. . . .

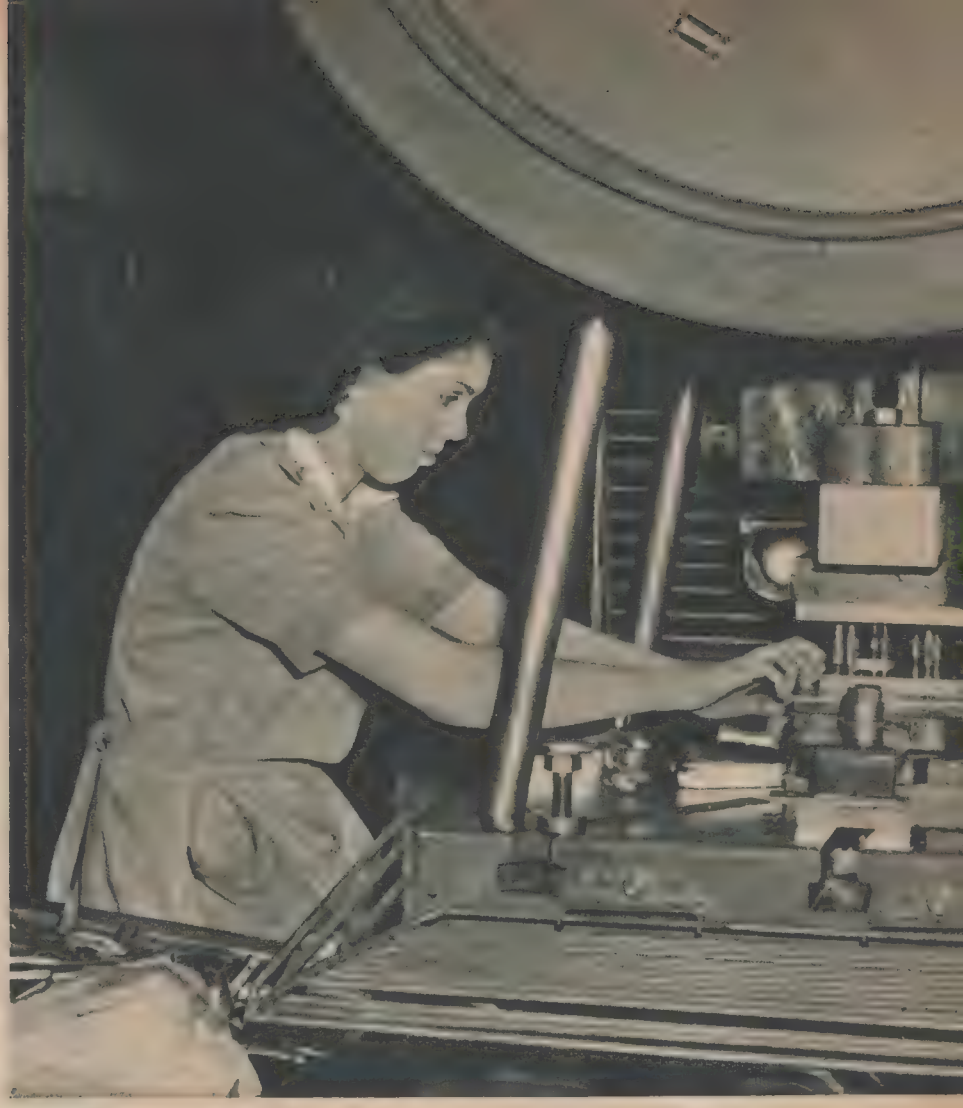
In one yard, the ground was covered with anchors—great heavy anchors, cumbering the ground, for cargo ships; light anchors, brightly galvanized, for pleasure yachts; anchors for Scots fishing boats whose skippers have their

---

Coal and iron made the Black Country ; the canal bore away the wealth. Today it still carries its quota of the load, but boatmen are a dying race

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Nearly all Britain's locks come from Willenhall. Some are made in small shops by craftsmen like Abraham Banks, here cold-forging a lock spring by hand



Across the road in Josiah Parkes's factory the hammer gives way to a seventy-ton press stamping out frames by the second

own firm ideas; anchors for seaplanes; and round anchors for the Norfolk Broads.

And from the forge at the back came the rhythmic clang of heavy hammers on red-hot metal as four smiths, striking in turn, bent to the shaping of a heavy lifting block, their strength building its strength. Farther back, another group of men struggled with a great four-ton chunk of iron, manoeuvring it under the drop-hammer's thunderous blows, forging a lifting beam for locomotive wheels.

The sheds were open-sided, the furnaces primitive. Here was the sort of scene we have almost forgotten in these islands, a scene of immense drama, Man pitted against Nature with his brawn and his muscle and his hands, building a world with his strength and his cunning—the man who made machines before machines made machines.

Scene Of Wagnerian Grandeur

It was in Westwoods' big anchor-cable making shops that the scene reached its climax of Wagnerian grandeur. Again, the two long, open-sided sheds, the row of forges, the red-hot bars of iron, the fifty or sixty smiths working in teams of three around each forge, and, behind them, the great links cooling, uncoiling, lying heavily inert upon the ground, changing the scale of the world as, hypnotized, you watched them grow from the fires.

In Cradley Heath it is still possible to understand the rhapsodies of those Victorian travellers who wrote that they "found themselves transported to the forges of Vulcans and Cyclops." But the Black Country, nevertheless, is changing as all England is changing.

For one thing, it isn't particularly *black* any more. At least, I can think of parts of the country that are quite a bit blacker. In the heart of Cradley Heath I came upon an expanse of fresh green turf, beautifully kept and gay with flower beds. Behind the flower beds rose a low, modernistic glass-and-concrete building.

"Civic restaurant," said an old man who sat sunning himself on a garden bench, "till they closed it up. Didn't pay, and now Frank Stevens has opened a canteen for his own men down at his works. . . ."

The old man, it came out, had been a chain-maker himself until cataracts on his eyes had forced him to give up. "Worked with a 'dolly' and two strikers under me, down at Griffins. . . . Black Country? Oh, it was black enough then all right. . . . See, this here was a pit mound before they levelled it and made these gardens. Those houses in the street across, every one of them had its forge at the back. At nights you could see your way around by the light of the forges. Even on Sundays you'd see the women with their aprons on, making chain in between making the dinner. . . ."

Here and there, as you walk around Cradley

She was making iron chains at sixteen. Now seventy-four, Hannah Westwood still forges links like these for hanging round a grave

Heath, you can still see the odd little forge "annexe" surviving at the back of a house. In recent times, I was told, three or four thousand of these "hearths," once as indispensable a part of a Cradley Heath house as its kitchen, have been demolished. But as late as 1911 there were still more than two thousand women chain-makers at work over their anvils here—just about to be brought under the protective wing of the first Trade Board Act, which guaranteed them the munificent rate of 2½d. an hour.

And in 1953 I came to Cradley Heath in time to find the last survivor of this remarkable race of women still at work.

"Her name's Hannah Westwood. She's well over seventy. . . ."

"What, you mean she's still making chains?"

"You don't believe me? Come on, I'll take you. Jump into the car. . . ."

We drove across the town and pulled up in Foxoak Street between two long, low, brick chainmaking shops. "The Mount Chain Works: Chains, Harness Furniture, Buckles and Spring Hooks" ran the lettering across the end wall. My guide pointed to one of the windows with vertical iron bars. "That's her place," he said.

Tap-tap Went Hannah's Hammer

We stood on a stone step and peered in between the bars. Below, a little grey-haired old woman bustled beside a glowing fire, tap-tapping at a red-hot iron bar, bending it round, cutting it off, thrusting it quickly into the furnace again in a series of swift little movements that never paused. She worked on with demoniacal concentration . . . bend . . . tap-tap-tap . . . back into the furnace . . . and steadily the length of chain grew longer.

This was Hannah. We went inside to have a word. Bright eyes sparkled from behind round spectacles. *Tap-tap-tap.* "How many yards do I make a day? Oh, they all ask me that!" *Tap-tap.* "Thirty-five years I've been here, I reckon, but I've been making chain ever since I was a girl of sixteen. . . ."

Albert Case, the managing director of the

Continued on page 41

MILK CHOCOLATE

FROM MACDONALDS OF GLASGOW

WHO BAKE THE BEST BISCUITS

2½D EACH

Munchmallow

Go Gay— this easy CHIVERS way

Jelly Father Christmas

A Chivers Jelly (*Raspberry or Strawberry*)
Cream or Mock Cream, Silver Balls,
Angelica, Apple, Currants

Prepare Jelly, using only ¾ pint water. Leave to set in a cold-rinsed pie dish. Turn out on a flat dish. Shape eyes, nose and mouth from pieces of apple (*dip these in lemon juice to keep the colour*); complete each eye with a currant. Use cream to form eyebrows, whiskers, beard and hat. Decorate the hat with silver balls and angelica. Add a few holly sprigs.

(*For a family size Father Christmas make up 2 Jellies with 1½ pints water.*)

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In the floor of the shooting brake, the detective spotted a box. He lifted the lid, and stared. Inside was an attractive girl in A.T.S. uniform

DETECTIVES IN KHAKI (3) *by Norman Phillips*

Lieutenant Farrow traps the drug-running major

Drugs and diamonds made the Middle East a smugglers' paradise—until the army's Scotland Yard went into action. But when S.I.B. men pounced they sometimes made an unexpected haul

DAVID PAGE is a lean, six-foot, black moustached ex-Guardsman who now keeps the peace in Poynton on behalf of Cheshire Constabulary. Few of his neighbours know that he was once a successful drug smuggler, yet Page brought one of the biggest loads of illegal hashish into Egypt during the war. He did it to help to smash a ring that was bribing army transport drivers to carry narcotics across Middle East frontiers.

When war broke out, Page was recalled by the Grenadier Guards, and not long after found himself a member of the newly formed Special Investigation Branch, which functions as the army's Scotland Yard. Narcotics were not a primary problem for the S.I.B. in the Middle East, where Page served, but when the smugglers used military transport or military personnel, the force could and did intervene. It recovered hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of hashish and opium from these smugglers.

Drug running was profitable because narcotics could be bought in Syria and sold in Egypt for ten times the original price. Hashish is packed in a curious block resembling a slipper in shape. During the war a pantoufle or slipper of hashish sold for £8 on the Turkish-Syrian frontier. By the time the package reached Beirut, the price was £20. Over the border in Palestine it would fetch £30, and as far south as Beersheba the price jumped to £40. Across the Suez Canal, on Egyptian territory, the same pantoufle of hashish was worth £80, or almost £3 an ounce.

The increasing price was determined partly by demand (Egypt had half a million addicts) and partly by supply—Egypt's Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau effectively limited illegal traffic. In the battle with the smugglers the C.N.I.B. was getting the upper hand; then came the war and with it a tremendous flow of military transport across the Middle East. The drug gangs were quick to take advantage of the situation. The C.N.I.B. looked to the British Army's Special Investigation Branch for help.

ILLUSTRATION BY CASWELL

Page made friends with some South Africans in Cairo. One of them, a corporal, was sitting in the Bardia Café when an Egyptian approached him and hinted that he wanted to go to Gaza by military transport. While sipping coffee with Page the next day, the corporal casually mentioned the Egyptian's request. The detective's blue eyes lit up. "Meet me at the Bardia tonight," he told the corporal. "I've got an idea."

The idea was soon explained at S.I.B. Headquarters in Bab-el-Hadid barracks. Page asked permission to meet the Egyptian and offer to take him to Gaza. The plan was approved and a lorry made available. Page slipped South

African flashes on his shoulder, removed his rank badges and went off to meet his corporal friend. "If the Egyptian comes in," Page told the South African, "you introduce me as a transport driver. Leave the rest to me."

Page was lucky. That same evening a young Egyptian, about twenty-five years old and just under six feet tall, came to his table. The corporal nudged Page while the stranger introduced himself in fluent English as a man named Fatha. "Have you thought over my proposition?" he asked. The corporal presented Page as a South African transport driver who was interested in the scheme.

Fatha explained that he wanted a military lorry to take him to Gaza and bring him back. "I might be able to help," said Page. "My cousin's a transport officer. What's in it for me?" Fatha offered £50 and Page feigned disinterest. The price went up slowly until Page felt he had better agree to £100, half to be paid before starting and the remainder on the return. There was no mention of cargo or why the Egyptian wanted to make the trip. He only asked Page to pick him up at 8.30 the next morning.

Lorry Crashed Into Cart

With his South African corporal friend in the cab, Page rolled up to the Bardia Café the following day. They drove a Bedford three-tonner, from which all military police markings had been obliterated. The police had also provided work tickets authorizing the journey. Outside the café, Fatha stood waiting with his father. More haggling took place. The Egyptians produced £25 and Page finally accepted it instead of the agreed £50. The younger Fatha, in civilian clothes, jumped into the back of the covered lorry.

They took the road for Ismailia. Page was at the wheel, but his brain was humming with plans to meet possible emergencies. It must be drugs, he argued with himself. I've got to find out the route we take back, and I've got to let Cairo know so they can fix an ambush.

Suddenly, there was a crash. The lorry hit a donkey cart. Plans fled from Page's head as he trod on the brakes. If a traffic policeman appeared, the whole scheme would go down the drain. Page and the corporal jumped out and found the lorry's radiator and one bumper bashed in, but no serious damage.

The Arab cart driver howled down curses on them. "You hit him for six," said the corporal, indicating the dead donkey. Page dug in his pocket and pulled out a pound note. The Arab snatched it and the two soldiers climbed back into the lorry. "Let's get out of here," said Page.

Red Cap Threatened Plan

In Ismailia, they stopped for breakfast. Fatha emerged from the back of the lorry wearing South African uniform. Page's eyes popped. He was so startled that he failed to notice a "No Parking" sign. The three men went into a café and started to eat. They were interrupted by a burly red-capped military policeman shouting from the doorway: "Who belongs to the three-tonner?"

The last thing we want is a brush with the military police, Page thought. Fatha's wearing uniform, but he probably hasn't a paybook. I've got to get the Red Cap out of here. With a truculent growl, Page moved to the door. "What three-tonner?" he asked. The Red Cap stepped back to point and the detective joined him outside the café. Page pulled a pink card from his pocket—his S.I.B. Warrant Card authorizing him to be anywhere and in any dress. The Red Cap looked it over and asked: "Anything I can do?"

"Yes," said Page. "Get away from here."

The Red Cap disappeared and Page called to his two companions to board the lorry. They reached Gaza without further mishap. Fatha went off to find his friends. He returned in the evening and told Page to park on the Cairo Road, and to follow a black Mercédès car when it came along. Page also got a brief outline of the return route, which he later sent to Cairo so that an ambush could be arranged.

At dusk a black Mercédès glided down the Cairo Road. Page pressed the starter and followed. Out in the open country, the black car slowed and suddenly wheeled off the main highway and down a narrow track. Bumping and groaning, the lorry followed in the pitch dark. Neither vehicle showed a light, and Page was wondering where on earth they were heading. The speedometer ticked off three miles before the Mercédès halted between two sand dunes. Its lights stabbed the darkness in a series of flickering signals. Nothing happened, and the corporal whispered to Page: "What next?" Half an hour passed, then they saw a laden donkey materialize, followed by five more, each with two sacks. There was a flurry of Arabic as the animals were unloaded. Page's Arabic was limited, so he climbed out of the lorry and tackled Fatha.

"How about my money?" he demanded. "That's dope you're putting on my lorry, and it's not going to move until I get my £100." Fatha tried to assure him that the full sum would be paid. He did not deny that the cargo was drugs. "We'll take it back to Gaza tonight," the Egyptian said. "Tomorrow you'll get your money in Cairo."

Strained Eyes For Ambush

Page argued. He knew his colleagues were already in position, waiting to ambush the truckload of drugs. Fatha reluctantly agreed to set out for Cairo immediately. The Mercédès led the lorry back to the main highway.

At the border, Page's specially prepared work ticket satisfied the guards. Safely into Egypt, he also knew his cargo's value had doubled. Dawn was breaking as he drove towards the point where he expected to be stopped by an S.I.B. ambush. Page and the corporal strained their eyes looking for the road block. They passed the point where it was supposed to be. But there was no ambush. Cairo was not far ahead when Page decided to take things into his own hands and arrest Fatha. He pulled up, drew his pistol, and walked to the back of the lorry.

"You are under arrest," he told the Egyptian.

"It's all right, it's all right, you'll get your money," said Fatha, thinking the driver was holding him up. Page produced handcuffs and locked his man to the framework of the lorry.

Page did not stop again until he had driven the lorry, drugs and prisoner into Bab-el-Hadid barracks. The Narcotics Bureau took Fatha away, interrogated him and got the names and addresses of his associates. To trap them, the narcotics agents took Fatha back to the S.I.B. the next day. Page brought out the lorry and, with a load of drugs, the prisoner and the narcotics men, they drove to a rendezvous near a cemetery on the outskirts of Cairo. Four Arabs were waiting for Fatha and the hashish, and when they started to unload the drugs, the police nabbed them. The gang was tried by civil court and received sentences of up to five years.

Suspicious Shooting Brake

Page never got a chance to run drugs again, and so failed to equal the record of a certain major whom the S.I.B. captured while he was carrying £10,000 in Egyptian currency and an undetermined number of diamonds. This particular major was a tall, dark, good-looking public school man, and operated a mobile laundry in Egypt. His duties sometimes involved crossing the Palestine and Syrian borders and on these occasions he drove a large Canadian shooting brake. The fact that this vehicle was frequently reported by check points along the

Major Percy Whatley (left) who smashed one

route from Syria to Egypt, on the same path that the drug gangs took, excited the suspicions of Lieutenant Alec Farrow, a blue-eyed Tynesider who is now an inspector with the Shropshire Constabulary.

Farrow set a trap for the major and his shooting brake at Ras en Naqura, which is on the frontier between Syria and Palestine. Jock Sharp, a former Glasgow policeman, was assigned to stop the car and search it thoroughly. If he discovered anything he was to notify Farrow and Major Phil Attfield, the section commander.

It was evening when the suspect pulled up at the frontier post. The roomy shooting brake was covered with dust from the long journey up from Egypt. (The fact that he was travelling north eventually profited the British Treasury to the tune of £10,000. Had he been coming from Syria, it is probable that the car would have been filled with drugs.)

Instead of the usual cursory examination of documents, the laundryman major found himself asked to step inside the military police post. Sharp stepped into the car and drove it off the road to a place where he could examine it.

The dour Scotsman found nothing to interest him until he reached the rear of the vehicle. There he noticed a large box-like receptacle set

of Syria's drug rings, meets a former colleague, Sergeant Mercer (right), at an S.I.B. reunion

into the floor. He opened it and discovered inside it a woman in A.T.S. uniform. To Sharp, the girl seemed all too attractive, and under his questioning she soon admitted that her costume had been borrowed to enable her to travel with her friend the major.

Sharp immediately called Section Commander Attfield and Farrow to deal with the major, and C.S.M. Gordon Wright to make a more minute investigation of the shooting brake. The Glasgow man then warned the major that his presence would be required for a while longer.

"Here, keep this and let me go," pleaded the suspect, offering Sharp a brown paper packet. "If you don't take it," he added, "I'm ruined." The S.I.B. man opened the package. It contained ninety £100 notes and £1,000 more in smaller denominations. Sharp ignored the bribe and warned the man that if he had anything to say he could tell it to Major Attfield.

Attfield, a Scotland Yard man, raced up to the frontier from Nahariya. He and Farrow had a suspicion that they might be on the trail of a diamond smuggler. After hearing Sharp's report, Attfield strode into the room where the major was being held. "What about the diamonds?" the Yard man demanded. The prisoner gulped. "I'll tell you the truth," he said. "There was only one, so I wrapped it in some cotton-wool and stuck it inside my cheek. While I was waiting, I asked for a cup of tea and swallowed the lot."

Attfield looked at Farrow. "Take him down to Haifa," he said. "Get the X-ray people at the general hospital to see if he's telling the truth."

The X-ray technicians were delighted to co-operate. They photographed him from every direction, and discovered an unidentified foreign body in his alimentary canal. Large doses of castor oil and Number Nine pills were prescribed. The prisoner spent an uncomfortable day under the influence of almost every available laxative.

The case of the missing diamond was one that the S.I.B. never did solve. However, the major went up for court martial on charges of misusing War Department transport. He had, it transpired, been driving his girl friend all over the Middle East. She was a Rumanian, and for travelling in W.D. vehicles she donned A.T.S. uniform. As the pair of them approached a frontier post, the major would stop and conceal the girl in the back of the car. Once across a border she would resume her place beside him.

Wright took the shooting brake apart without finding a trace of drugs. The £10,000 in currency was turned in to his command paymaster for the benefit of the war effort. The major was later sent north to Syria in an effort to trace the sources of the drug runners.

Syria was the source of much hashish. It was grown as Indian hemp, planted in the middle of a large standing crop so that its presence could be detected only from the air. In addition to the drug problem, Syria and the Lebanon were also political trouble spots. Nationalism was spreading among the Arabs, and the French were divided among themselves. Not long after arriving in Syria in 1942, the S.I.B. found itself entangled in this mixture of drugs and politics.

Jack Cantrill (now with the Nottinghamshire Constabulary at Stapleford) was sitting in his office in Tripoli in the Lebanon one day in 1942 when two Highlanders walked in. They had just arrived from Britain, and on their first day in town a Syrian had approached them in a café. "Do you know anyone who'd like to earn a few pounds with a lorry?" he asked.

Chance To Trap Drug Ring

The Highlanders thought the offer suspicious enough to report to the S.I.B. They told Cantrill that the sum of £20,000 had been mentioned. The policeman grinned and explained that the Syrian pound was quoted at 883 to a pound sterling, and that £20,000 in Syrian currency was the equivalent of about £22 in British money. However, Cantrill also told the men to cultivate the acquaintance of the Syrian, and that the S.I.B. would arrange for them to get an army lorry for the trip.

Cantrill called his section commander at Aleppo, Major Percy Whatley—now a Metropolitan policeman at Marylebone Lane. Whatley, a tall, slender man who had earned his commission by a brilliant piece of spy catching in Britain, listened to Cantrill's story of the Highlanders' experience with interest. This Tripoli incident might be the chance he needed to trap the Syrian drug rings.

The activities of these rings had become so serious that police forces all over the Middle East were alarmed. Only a few hours previously, Whatley had received a message to expect the arrival of Marko Bey and Abdul Azziz Bey, of the Egyptian Central Narcotics Investigations Bureau. They were on their way to Syria to see what could be done to check the flow of drugs to Egypt. Whatley at once got into his car and drove 180 miles to Tripoli, where he authorized Cantrill to proceed with the plan to use the two Highlanders.

These two soldiers returned next day with the news that arrangements had been made to drive the Syrian to Aleppo. They wanted two three-ton lorries and would make the return journey by way of a place called Alma.

Mention of Alma made Whatley prick up his ears. Alma was the home of a sinister-looking Arab leader named Raschid Mukhadem. An old man, Mukhadem looked the picture of Satan, with a silky moustache, goatee and slit eyes. He governed the neighbourhood like a feudal lord and ruled his servants with whip and pistol.

Raid On Smuggling Fortress

Mukhadem was suspected by the Syrian Sûreté and the Lebanese Gendarmerie of being head of the Syrian smugglers. Political pressure and bribes made him immune from the local police. Whatley had made a reconnaissance of the old man's stronghold. It was ideally situated, a white house on a hillside from which all trees had been removed so that no one could approach without being seen.

Whatley felt he had enough evidence on which to organize a raid on Mukhadem's fortress. He planned the attack to coincide with the arrival of the two lorries from Aleppo, so that the old man's gang would be caught with whatever cargo they carried. The S.I.B. felt sure it would be either hashish or opium.

The two Highlanders went ahead with their part of the plan. Guided by a Syrian, they

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Lieutenant Farrow (left) suspected an officer who often drove between Syria and Egypt. He consulted Major Attfield (right), caught the man—and began the missing diamonds mystery

drove to Aleppo, through the market place, down back alleys, and came to a halt outside a walled cemetery. A door in the mud wall opened and men brought out four-gallon petrol tins. Forty-eight tins and one huge sack were loaded on to the lorries. Then the Syrian guide climbed in and directed the driver back towards Alma.

In the meantime, the police raiding party, accompanied by Lebanese gendarmerie and a platoon of British soldiers, waited in concealment near Mukhadem's estate. They watched as the two lorries climbed the hillside and disappeared into the courtyard of the white villa. A few minutes later the two trucks came through the gates again, back down the hill. The policemen raced up to the house, rounded up the old man, his two sons, Nefis and Mayis, and all their retainers and began to search every building.

The search took all afternoon. There was not a trace of drugs, not a sign of the four-gallon petrol tins. Mukhadem and his sons would not talk. The servants were in obvious fear of their master and would not co-operate.

After four hours' poking and prying, the raiders were almost ready to admit defeat when one of the S.I.B. men stumbled on a ring in the stable floor. A mare and her foal were led out. The straw covering was lifted and a section of the floor was removed. Beneath it was an underground storeroom stacked with petrol tins. One tin was hoisted up and ripped apart. Inside, carefully wrapped in Cellophane, was a sticky mass of brown, treacly substance which gave off an earthy smell. It was raw opium—a total of three-quarters of a ton of it.

Mukhadem and his two sons were arrested and lodged in Tripoli jail. The news of the capture was sent to Whatley, in Aleppo, and he smiled to himself at the prospect of informing his visitors from the Egyptian Narcotics Bureau of the haul his men had made. Then the telephone started to ring. Whatley's military superiors, the British mission in Syria, Syrian politicians and the French authorities wanted to know what the S.I.B. was up to.

"You've arrested the French candidate for the presidency of the Lebanon," Whatley was told. "Mukhadem's a sick man. Heaven help you if anything happens to him!"

Prize Prisoner Must Not Die

Whatley jumped into a car and set off for Tripoli. As far as he was concerned, Mukhadem was one of the biggest narcotic runners in the Middle East. If he wanted to run for president he could campaign from jail, but Whatley had to make sure that his prize prisoner did not die.

In the miserable local jail near the Tripoli docks, Whatley learned that Mukhadem was indeed a sick man. He needed regular injections of insulin. Whatley had him put in a car and they drove to the American hospital. "If looks could kill, I was a dead man," the major recalls. "Mukhadem just sat there glaring at me. He didn't say a word."

The hospital authorities certified Mukhadem as fit for trial, and he appeared before a Syrian tribunal. He pleaded not guilty and swore that the cavern where the drugs were found had been built as an air-raid shelter. "Some shelter," Whatley snorted. "There was no air inside. I sent a man down to light a match, and there wasn't enough oxygen in the hole to let a match burn."

The tribunal let Mukhadem and his sons go free, but the decision did not please the British authorities. The would-be president and his two sons were interned and sent to Cyprus. There the old man died.

After the incarceration of their master, Mukhadem's servants revealed the workings of the drug smugglers. The S.I.B. shipped the major who had been captured with his girl friend up from Haifa and he was identified by Mukhadem's major-domo as the man to whom the Syrian ring had sold narcotics for transport to Egypt.

Drugs At Detective's Door

Not all drug cases were so complicated. One hot summer evening in Cairo two S.I.B. officers were on their way to work. Fergus Walker, now a Scotland Yard Flying Squad man, had been dining with Monty Mountford, now a Southwark C.I.D. detective-sergeant. The pair stepped out of Mountford's *pension* on to the rue Sherif Pasha and looked for the small truck that was to pick them up.

There *was* a small truck parked outside the *pension*, but it did not come from the S.I.B. It bore Palestinian markings. The hot night air was still, and both officers caught a whiff of odour that caused them to pause. "Musty hay," murmured Mountford. "Hashish," Walker whispered. They searched the truck, traced the smell to a cavity under the floorboards and found seven sacks, containing £4,000 worth of drugs. Fifteen minutes later a Palestinian officer and an Arab walked into the waiting arms of the two investigators.

The truck from Palestine, with its load of drugs, had run the gauntlet of military police check points, Egyptian Customs and narcotics bureau inspections, only to be caught because the driver parked on the doorstep of an S.I.B. man.

NEXT WEEK: The S.I.B. men go all-out to smash the gun-runners

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7 tablespoons Kellogg's Corn Flakes
1 level tablespoon Bournville Cocoa
1 tablespoon sugar or icing sugar
1 tablespoon syrup
1 oz. margarine or fat
To improve the flavour add:
2 tablespoons coconut or
1 teaspoon grated orange peel

METHOD: Melt margarine (or fat) and syrup slowly in a saucepan. *Do not boil.* Add the cocoa. Remove from heat, stir in sugar. Using metal spoon, quickly fold in coconut (or grated orange peel) and flakes, until coated. Spoon into eleven or twelve portions. If syrup is not available, double the quantity of sugar or icing sugar. Or granulated honey can be used as an alternative.

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THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Tereza might give him away at any moment—just for the fun of it. Landers knew that. Whatever the risk, he must tell her the truth

IT WASN'T FROM CHOICE that Peter Landers had become third officer of the Turkish Slave. A stinking little cargo boat with a hard-drinking crew, she was being used to smuggle stolen jewellery into Brazil, and Peter had been "planted" on board by an insurance company as an investigator. He had taken the job as a challenge to himself. Since his wife's desertion, he had gone downhill fast: this was his last chance to pull himself together.

Three days out of Santos, the Turkish Slave was met by a fishing boat—at night. That was all Peter saw, for he was stabbed, thrown overboard, and left to drown.

The chances of being picked up were nil—and yet his natural obstinacy told him he *must* keep afloat. Grimly, hopelessly, he clung to life. And then the miracle happened. Someone was swimming towards him, pulling him out of the water. Utterly exhausted, he looked up and saw a girl. She had a wild, tousled beauty—a peasant girl, he supposed. He was ashore—on Alvaro, a tiny island off the Brazilian mainland.

Alvaro. . . . He'd never even heard of it. But he soon understood its importance. In Portos Marias, the island's only village, he saw a dog. A dog he had seen in the fishing boat last night. . . . Here, in Portos Marias, were unknown men who had tried to kill him, who thought he was dead. Unwittingly, he had stumbled on the centre of the smuggling.

In Grazia's, a waterfront café, he made friends with an enormous, roaring man called Luiz das Tegas—Quisto to his friends—the island's leading citizen. Peter told him he'd jumped his ship at Santos, and accepted an invitation to dinner.

Under Quisto's roof, Peter met what Quisto ironically called "the cream of Alvaro society." But suddenly he caught his breath. Coming down the stairs was an extremely beautiful girl. She was the one person who knew the truth about his arrival in Portos Marias. She had rescued him from the sea that morning. . . .

PART 2

Quisto's Daughter

PETER'S first instinct was to get away, to slide off into some corner and try to pass unnoticed. But before he could do anything, Quisto had grabbed him by the arm and was leading him forward to meet the girl.

"Tereza," he shouted, "I did not know you were back." Then, turning to Peter, he went on: "Senhor Peter Landers, please allow me to

"Good morning, senhor!" Peter swung round at the voice. He saw Quisto, on his donkey, and then Tereza. She stood watching him closely

introduce my eldest unmarried daughter, Tereza Maria das Tegas."

Full of apprehension, Peter held out his hand, felt hers touch it for a moment, and then, as his head came up from the slight bow, he saw her eyes on him. She gave him a slow smile of recognition. In a moment, Peter knew, she was going to say something, something that would put him properly in trouble. Quisto, unknowingly, saved him.

"Senhor Landers came on the boat today. He is to be with us for a fortnight."

There was a little pause. The smile was gone from Tereza's face. Her eyes on Peter were wide.

"Welcome to our house and to Portos Marias, senhor."

"Thank you, senhorita. . . ." The words almost choked him. He could feel his face flushing and an agony inside him that made him want to grab her and rush her outside, to make her swear not to give him away.

But he was given no chance to speak to her. With a laugh which he felt was touched with triumph at having him at her mercy, she moved away from him, swinging out the folds of her yellow dress for one of her sisters to admire, and then Peter's ears were full of the hearty voice of Quisto announcing dinner.

At dinner, Peter was seated on Quisto's right hand. Tereza was some little way below him. The table stretched away, seeming as long as a railway platform.

Quisto rose to his feet. There was a silence.

"Friends. My family. Tonight, in honour of Senhor Landers, I shall say Grace in English. The good Lord, being multilingual Himself, will forgive my taking pride in a language which is not my own." He paused and glanced sternly down the table. "Pedro, or is it Luiz? Put that catapult away or I shall kick you out of the room!"

He closed his eyes and went on reverently: "God the Father, Holy Mother Mary the Virgin, and sweet Jesus the Son: we, too, are a family and with many friends, and we thank Thee for the strength to find and the health to enjoy our food, and for the food itself." He opened one eye, looked at Peter and then nodded towards the platter, saying in an aside: "It is a magnificent *atum*, a kind of tuna, weighing well over twenty-five kilos." His eyes closed and he went on: "We thank Thee for this and for the wine we drink, though it is a little fiery from early gathering. . . ."

Quisto finished grace and the feast was on. Peter ate, but without any appetite.

SOME way down the table, a man leaned forward and spoke to him. He was tall, gaunt-looking, his face a pale parchment colour and the lips pinched in as though he were permanently about to whistle. In stilted English he said: "You have travelled far, senhor. Soon I, too, shall be free to travel on the Bolivar. You like her?"

Peter was caught. He had no idea what the man was talking about. He saw that the girl, who was sitting close to the man, was watching him and he knew she was waiting for him to speak.

"Yes, I like her," he said desperately.

Tereza laughed and her voice came across to him.

"But she is an old boat. It is time they had a new steamer on the island run."

And he knew she was telling him that he did not even know the name of the boat on which he was supposed to have come to the island. He cursed himself for not being quicker.

A voice on his right inquired in an American accent: "Are you wondering what he means about 'free to travel'?"

"Well, yes. . . ." Peter turned to the man. He remembered him now, though his name escaped him.

"He's Doctor Kurt Jaeger." The American's voice was quiet with a hint of tiredness in it. "He was exiled to this place three years ago for some political trouble in Brazil. He's due for release in a few months."

The American smiled. He was a man in his fifties, loose-knit, his face as bumpy and rough as a field full of molehills. Grey-haired with straggly, tufty eyebrows, he had a way of cocking his head sideways, rather like a bird warily keeping one eye on heaven and the other on earth. "Don't remember my name, do you, son? Don't blame you. Never remember names myself. Lesset. Samuel Lesset."

For a time Lesset went on chatting in an easy, amiable way, and mostly about himself. He was a marine biologist, working for an American food corporation that was interested in the possibilities of plankton as food. He lived in a converted naval blockhouse at the top of the town and invited Peter to come and see his aquaria.

"Quisto tells me you had trouble with the Santos police?"

"It was only a dockside fight."

"Sure. But you did well to clear out. Never stop to argue with a Brazilian gendarme." He laughed and patted Peter on the arm. His hand fell heavily on the bandaged knife wound and Peter flinched.

"Say, you hurt there?"

"It's nothing. . . ." As he spoke, Peter could see that the girl was listening to them, her dark eyes on him. "Just a scratch I got in the fight."

"Ha, a fight!" called Quisto. "It must have been a good fight. When our friend came ashore here he looked as though he had been fighting for a week. . . . And his clothes! They were in tatters and looked as though he might have swum here."

PETER went cold inside. Then he saw Tereza looking at him. Her face was frank, wide-eyed with a simple curiosity.

"And did you swim here, senhor?"

A servant was pouring wine into his glass. Everyone seemed to be waiting for him.

"I fell into the harbour," he said bluntly. "Over the side of the dock during the fight. I didn't stop to change my clothes before I caught the boat." If she was going to show him up, she could get on with it.

"Ah." Demurely, understandingly, and at once, Tereza seemed to forget him as she turned to talk to Doctor Jaeger.

The conversation again became general, but Peter was aware that a pair of pale, china-blue eyes, vaguely hostile, were staring at him. They belonged to a man, short, plumpish and middle-aged, who wore a tight blue pea-jacket. His reddish hair was close-cropped. Out of the whirl of introductions Peter remembered him . . . a retired Brazilian naval officer called Capitão Guarani. He knew, too, why he remembered him, for of all the people present this man had been less friendly than the others.

"You were on the fortnightly boat today, senhor?" The words came in short, asthmatical barks.

The girl's eyes had turned back to him, but without hesitation he said: "Yes. I was on it."

"So was I. Didn't see you."

"I was below most of the time."

Before Captain Guarani could question him further a man on Quisto's left leaned across and said something in rapid Portuguese to Peter. He was a lean, prosperous-looking man in a black suit and white shirt front.

Quisto translated. "My friend, Nimo Dinez here, has a son in the merchant service. He wants to know the name of your boat—the one you left at Santos."

Would it never end? thought Peter. Momentarily the name of any boat except the Turkish Slave was gone from him.

"You did leave a boat at Santos, did you not, Senhor Landers?" It was Tereza. There was

Tereza's grip on his arm tightened with excitement.

the tiny, mocking smile about her lips again.

"Of course I did, senhorita."

He could see that she was taking it as a game. He went on, going back in his memory: "It was the Sentinel. But I never want to ship on her again. She was dirty and slow, and the food was bad." He was hoping that no one knew anything about shipping, for the Sentinel had done a Tilbury—Oslo run and her keel had never been wetted by the South Atlantic.

QUISTO interpreted for Nimo Dinez, who nodded his head, satisfied. Quisto waved a fork at Nimo and boomed at Peter: "Nimo's the richest fisherman on the island. He owns three boats and a piano."

Nimo bobbed his head and chuckled. "Piano," he said proudly, and made the

The dog had halted half-way down the jetty, where a fishing boat was tied up. A man stood talking to two of the crew. Landers recognized him at once

motions of playing. But Peter was less interested in the piano than the fact that Nimo Dinez was the owner of fishing boats.

He glanced at him, wondering whether this was a man who would leave someone to drown, and then he looked around the table at the others. The guests were clear to him now, though the family was still confusing, except for Tereza, Pedro-or-Luiz, and another son, José, a youth of eighteen, black-haired, broad shouldered and very like Quisto.

Doctor Jaeger, Captain Guarani, Nimo Dinez and Samuel Lesset. . . . Were any of them the kind of men who would leave another to die? How could you tell what a man was capable of doing by just looking at him? He had to suspect everyone. Even Quisto. . . .

After what seemed an age, the dinner was over. Peter's first concern was to get to Tereza. But first he had to sit on the veranda, drinking coffee and smoking with the men.

AFTER a time, he moved on, round the corner of the balcony, and found what he was looking for. Tereza was standing at the bottom of a short flight of steps.

As he came down to her, she laughed.

"Did you enjoy your dinner, Senhor Landers?"

"You know I didn't. I thought any moment you were going to give me away."

"I meant to do that. But you looked so solemn, so worried. . . ." She swung round, making her skirt flare out, and moved a few steps into the garden. Over her shoulder she said provocatively: "You like my dress? But it would be better if I had nylon stockings to wear with it."

For a moment there was a flash of bare brown leg and the glint of an embroidered slipper in the light from the house behind them.

"However, I shall have them very soon. Today I saved a man's life and he gave me twenty dollars to spend on stockings."

"Please . . . this really is serious," Peter said.

"This man also was very serious, and very hurried. He could not stop to tell me how he came to be in the water. He must catch the Santos boat, Senhor Landers——"

She turned swiftly towards him, and her smile was gone.

"Can you tell me a good reason why I should

Continued on page 28

President Auriol waves a salute to England as he arrives for his State visit. He was also here during the war—after three years with the maquis

Who will wear Auriol's top hat now?

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

Sophisticated Parisians once scoffed at Vincent Auriol, the country lawyer who took over the toughest job in France. But now a new president must be found, and the scoffers are silent

PARIS

"THE PRESIDENCY? Not at any price. The job is nothing more than a boring round of piffling official fatigues." It was in these words that Marshal Juin replied to journalists who asked him some weeks ago if he were to be a candidate for the presidential election this month. This somewhat barrack-room description of the duties of the first citizen of France did not remain unanswered for long.

"Marshal Juin need not bother to solicit any further interviews from me," President Auriol is reported to have said. "That will give me one piffling fatigue the less."

Whatever Marshal Juin thought of this riposte, there is no doubt it delighted the country. Wit and spirit are qualities Frenchmen have seldom observed in their heads of state. In Vincent Auriol they have often found both. The limited powers accorded by the present constitution make it almost impossible for anyone to be a great president. But when he steps down after seven troubled years as the first president of the Fourth Republic, Auriol will have left an example which his successor will do well to follow in the difficult months ahead.

Now sixty-nine years old, Vincent Auriol brought to his job two qualities badly needed in the sick and divided France of 1946—personal integrity and a bottomless capacity for taking pains. This short, bespectacled man with the shoulders of a peasant and the rosy complexion of a country priest is what the French call a *bourreau de travail*—a slaughterer of work. That is just as well, for the legend that the president does little more than attend the opera and distribute the Legion d'Honneur is grotesquely short of the mark.

Auriol, having first prepared his own coffee, is at his desk in the Elysée Palace at 6 a.m. to read his files. These may contain anything from a secret report on the situation in Morocco to a petition for grace from a murderer condemned to death. Both will be sifted with equal attention. "Do less work!" his friends advised when the president, as a reason for not standing for re-election, explained that he was physically worn out.

"You don't know what you're saying," Auriol replied indignantly. "I can't afford to relax; it might mean that some poor devil goes to life imprisonment or the guillotine unjustly."

The reply sounds far-fetched and perhaps a

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

President Auriol likes to meet the people. Here, he receives a bouquet at a Paris flower show

little histrionic. But it is typical and justified. One of Auriol's proudest boasts, when he leaves office, will be that of having been personally responsible for proving the innocence of two men condemned on serious criminal charges. Studying the dossiers, his legally trained mind jibbed at some of the evidence. As first magistrate in France, he insisted on the cases being reopened. Both men were cleared on re-trial.

It is this practically efficient humanity that has made Vincent Auriol one of the most popular and respected presidents his country has ever had. As to most French public men, oratory comes easily to him, and he can make his speeches suitably vibrant and even tearful. Frenchmen expect that in their presidents: it goes with the white tie and the eternal top hat. What they became increasingly aware of, as Auriol's tenure of office ran on, was that the *patron*—the "boss"—had a mind of his own and knew how to speak it, and to speak it on questions about which the head of the state is traditionally supposed to be silent.

It was Auriol who, against the advice of his own Foreign Office experts, was the first statesman to propose a Four Power conference to the United Nations. Last year, when opening the great Montdragon power dam, he lashed out at certain delegates at UNO who were "wilfully playing the game of the enemies of France." No former president had ever dared the most anodyne criticism of his country's allies, and startled civil servants implored Auriol to be more tactful. There were no precedents for that sort of thing, they told him. "The thing to do with precedents" said Auriol genially, "is to create them."

France Wanted De Gaulle

In spite of his limited power, Auriol has developed considerable authority, which Frenchmen hope will be inherited by the man who takes his place. Yet his first months of office could scarcely have been more difficult. Few people out of political circles had ever heard of the new man, and in 1946 De Gaulle's prestige was at its height. France wanted the General at the Elysée; the election of this obscure, anonymous-looking socialist lawyer was hailed with undisguised ill-humour.

Auriol remembers his first official appearance. It was to preside at the fashionable St. Cyr charity ball at the Opera House. All Paris was present and there was not a cheer, not even a handclap, as Auriol, stiff and uncomfortable in his new dress clothes, walked glumly to his box through the banks of flowers and the imposing lines of Republican Guards. The "Marseillaise" was played, invariably the prelude for a public salute. Still the silence persisted. The president turned to the prime minister, Paul Ramadier. "There doesn't seem to be much socialism in the ball of St. Cyr," he said wryly.

"They don't yet know who you are, Mr. President," Ramadier replied.

In the months that followed, Auriol set out to remedy that. "If the people won't come to me," he told his family, "I'll make it my business to go to them." He organized exhausting weekly provincial tours, spoke often on the air, and went out of his way to be photographed.

When he first appeared on the news reels the audience laughed. His southern ebullience, his wide gestures and the raw Toulousian twang of his accent—as amusing to Parisians as Yorkshire dialect is to Londoners—were godsends to the mimics and the wits. But Auriol persisted good-humouredly ("Your Royal Highness has a far better accent than I," he told the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, on his London visit), and slowly France began to see the man emerge from behind the dress coat.

The President Cheered

His enemies put down his growing popularity to an enthusiasm for football. At an international match the president was seen to rise to his feet, wave his top hat and shout with the best of the crowd as the French forwards raced for goal. "*Mon Dieu!*" someone shouted from the terraces. "The man's alive!"

There is nothing put on about Auriol's cordiality. He likes people and wants to be liked by them. "I thought, Sir," said an awed member of the Buckingham Palace staff to King George VI during the president's visit to London, "that the president was once about to link your arm."

"I wish he had," the King replied. "That would have pleased me enormously."

Auriol is fond of saying that, although he is head of the Republic, he is the one man to whom France's famous motto—"*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*"—cannot apply. He has no personal liberty; nobody is his equal and, being equal to no one, he can call nobody his brother.

"How good it will be," he declared lately to his son, who is also his secretary, "to sit on a café terrace again and have a glass of wine like anybody else!" One of the things he has never got used to is the continual surveillance of detectives and bodyguards. On one occasion last year he could stand it no more. Accompanied by his son he slipped out of the service entrance to the Elysée and vanished into Paris. After three hours, during which every policeman in the city searched high and low, Auriol was found sitting in a box at the Comédie française, enjoying his truancy as much as any schoolboy.

Besides the Elysée, the president has three main official residences. Rambouillet (in whose woods he has made himself an excellent pheasant shot), Vizille and Marly. Auriol and the position he represents cost the French taxpayer about £65,000 annually.

Of this, the president gets £4,000, on which he paid income tax of £1,000 last year. It is not an imposing salary for the head of a state, but Auriol has never wanted much for himself.

Vincent Auriol was born in Muret, south of Toulouse, the son of the village baker. An honours degree in law at Toulouse university led to an interest in politics. To his conservative family's dismay, Vincent's politics were uncompromisingly socialist, and it was with something like the classic "never darken my doors again" injunction that the young lawyer left for Paris.

Chased By The Gestapo

He was still fairly obscure when disaster came to France in 1940. Auriol was one of the handful of French public men who believed with De Gaulle that France had lost a battle and not the war. The Vichy government imprisoned him, but released him when his health broke down. Auriol joined the maquis and went underground for three years. Between one hiding place and another, often with the Gestapo at his heels, he wrote a political thesis on the future constitution of France. It was completed three days before a British aircraft picked him up to fly him to London and De Gaulle. Three years later the Third Republic was dead and Auriol was elected president of the Fourth.

He was elected almost unanimously, and no one in the war-torn France of 1946 could have envied him his job. It is safe to say that Auriol does not envy that of the man who will take his place. Two main and urgent problems—both are extensions of each other—are dividing France politically: German rearmament and the war in Indo-China.

Who will the new man be? Technically, anyone can stand as candidate provided he is not related to a family that has ever ruled over France; a greengrocer from Nîmes has already filed his application. But the choice will be made from five or six experienced politicians. Laniel, the present prime minister, chosen to speak for France at the Bermuda conference, has done well lately but is thought by many to be too far to the right.

Henri Queuille is the most experienced among the "possibles." He is a stout republican, a left wing radical who was frequently a minister under the Third Republic, and prime minister under the Fourth. At seventy, however, he is thought to be a little old.

Bidault Has A Chance

A man well known in Britain, Georges Bidault, the present Foreign Minister, has a good chance. He is leader of the Catholic social party which has lost ground lately and his declared sympathy for the European Army might have ruined his brief.

The courteous and popular Yvon Delbos; clever and vigorous René Pleven; placid Antoine Pinay, who conceals considerable political acumen under the exterior of a small-town business man—these men among others will be in the running when the Upper and Lower houses meet at Versailles to choose the next "referee."

The vote, which has to be an absolute majority, is taken in secret. If, as is likely, no absolute majority comes from the ballot at the first, second or third counts, Vincent Auriol will have a great chance of re-election. In spite of his reiterated statements that he will on no account stand again (Madame Auriol has already started moving house) his sense of responsibility might decide him to break yet another deadlock. THE END

No one ever says 'No' to
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NIGHTMARE IN THE CLOUDS

Continued from page 11

feet of wing-span, scarlet and yellow plywood skin.

The winch tow took him forward across the grass, the sailplane lifted to the rush of air, the clubhouse fell away and then the steep hills. He watched the instruments, altitude, airspeed, rate-of-climb.

He struck the first ragged fragments of cloud and got a thousand-foot lift in a very short time. Now he headed towards the coast and the cumulus, the air turbulent and still lifting him up. It was suddenly exhilarating, the sailplane lifting and his depression lifting. Nothing mattered except what was going to happen next.

The earth gradually vanished beneath the drifting cloud. He lost count of time and sense of motion as the sailplane went on making height. Losing a little, making more, climbing, twisting, swooping, rushing through the sky in an incredible silence. It was peaceful and alarming, but it was only gliding. It was not what he was seeking. It was not the ordeal, the supreme test.

There had been a fuel break at twenty thousand feet while he and Tony were over the channel. If he'd known as much about air currents then as he knew now, he might have made it. Or he might not. There were many factors and the one that remained a mystery was the human element, his own behaviour when the ailerons iced up. In the dream he went berserk and threw the plane down below freezing level—then had insufficient altitude to make land. He had hit the water badly, and Tony had died on impact.

SUPPOSING he had just let the controls remain frozen and kept height? The ice would have increased until he could not have freed them if he had wanted to. Would the craft have remained stable, would it have stalled out of control at the first drop in airspeed? It was something he had to know.

It seemed that he had been sliding in and out of small clouds at about seven thousand feet for years, when he suddenly became aware of the giant bank of cumulo-nimbus which he had seen from the road. It was less picturesque at close quarters, but more alarming. He headed straight into it.

Immediately, he was involved in a terrific turbulence, and he had to juggle the controls all ways at once to keep right way up. Then it became smooth going, and he went into a medium left-hand climbing turn with virtually no movement of the controls for more than ten minutes. Losing lift, he pushed the stick forward—but it was

"If nature had intended you to have a fur coat, she'd have given you one"

stuck. Here was the icing he wanted. But he didn't want it with the controls in that position.

It took an extra effort to free them, but he managed it. And there was no panic.

Now he pushed the nose down at the same kind of optimum gliding angle at which he had been holding the fighter. He kept the controls still and waited.

A sudden change in wind velocity: he needed a steeper glide. But the stick would not budge. The ailerons were solidly iced up.

Something had to be done in a hurry, but he did not panic or black-out or lose his head in any way at all.

Nor, he realized now, had he done so in the fighter. *The dreams had lied.* He had made a quick decision, but it had been considered. It was the kind of ice-forming cloud that made the de-icer useless.

He did now what he had done then, and put all his strength into forcing the stick forward. It moved very slightly, the nose dipped; he kept going down to get below freezing level and out of the cloud.

He waited a long time for the cloud to break and it began to seem that it never would. Remembering the low cloud base, his nerves tightened up and a very misty cloud shape became a tree or the side of a hill, for he was no higher than the top of the downs. He started shivering. The silence was now oppressive. He felt suddenly trapped within the shifting walls, barely able to see even the wing tips of the sailplane.

Only in the dreams had he experienced this sensation of utter isolation in an empty, billowing void between nowhere and nothing. This was the nightmare at last, except that he still had control.

He came out of the clouds in a steep side-slip. He was shocked at what he saw. This was too much like the dream—like the crash itself. The land had gone, and below lay a grey, heaving sea without sign of coast or shipping. Truman was right; that cloud was over the coast and in chasing it he had forgotten the hazard. He banked steeply round towards the distant coastline, but he knew that he had insufficient altitude to get back. There were no helpful air currents from the flat surface of the ocean. It lay waiting for him. Again.

Even if he used every flight endurance trick Truman had ever taught him, he would be lucky if he could delay the final plunge for more than a mile of distance. But he tried now, as he had tried then. It came back to him very clearly, that last drop into the sea. There was nothing he could have done about it in a heavy fighter. Now there *was* something he could do.

It was hopeless, but he felt good. Here was the battle, the whole show.

He met the challenge almost lightheartedly, diving, banking, climbing on every breath of wind, feeling a magnificent, bird-like affinity with the craft. But gravity had to win; the sea came up, the moving edges of the rollers were now clearly visible.

Holding the glider level, ready for the drink, Eddie saw how false those accusing dreams had been. Now, too late, he saw that the only thing he had ever wrecked through sheer incompetence was his marriage, the only casualty on his conscience was Margot. He wanted to live now, just to laugh at the dreams if they came, just to tell Margot what kind of fool he had been. Their marriage *had* been a good one—and it could be again.

He was so engrossed in anticipating the moment of impact with the water that he did not notice the nearness of the jutting cliffs. All at once, unbelievably, he felt the effect of the steep shoreline when a backrush of wind knocked the sailplane sideways and up.

He shouted with the sheer joy of it. welcoming the old enemy as an ally. He came in under the cliffs, purposely holding down the nose against the upward stream of air.

JUST as it seemed that he must smash into the red cliff face, he pulled back the stick and streaked upwards. The sailplane crested the cliff-top with no more than a yard to spare, almost stalling back on its tail, speed and momentum practically nil. Beyond the cliff top a tea garden, bright with chrysanthemums and check tablecloths, came rushing to meet him and he could do nothing except cover his face and head and draw up his knees.

He did not remember the crash, although he was dazed for only a few seconds. When he recovered, a red and white sunshade was lying across the starboard wing, the other wing of the sailplane was broken up at right-angles in the branches of an apple tree. An elderly man and two elderly ladies were standing by in some astonishment, a white-faced waitress stood at a little distance with small cups slipping unheeded off a tray.

"I wondered whatever it was!" one lady was saying.

"Just like a big bird!" said the other. "Just like a big bird coming at us!"

They watched him step out of the debris and walk unsteadily across the lawn.

"Telephone?" he said to the waitress. She could only point, and in doing so the last cup fell.

They all seemed to be suffering from shock except Eddie. He was not suffering from anything any more. He felt that he was a husband worth coming back to.

"Redhill," he told the operator. Then he gave the number, remembering it perfectly. THE END

THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

Continued from page 23

not tell everyone that you are an impostor?"

"If you do that, I shall probably finish up with a knife in my back."

"Here?" She laughed.

"It could happen."

"Why? What is all this mystery?"

He was silent for a while. Her dark eyes were on him, the night breeze gently lifted her loose black hair and she was looking at him challengingly. There was no way out for him. He had to tell her and he had to trust her.

"Walk on a bit with me. I don't want anyone else to hear."

He moved deeper into the garden. They stopped under a trellis of young vines whose tendrils were silver wire in the starlight. He told her everything.

"Senhor," she said slowly when he had finished, "you give me your word this is true?"

"Yes, everything."

She swung round abruptly and her hand went up, pulling at a young vine leaf, the movement expressive of the anger in her.

"This is a good island. It is hard to believe that there are such people here . . . people who would leave a man to drown in the water. We do not want such people here." She turned to him and her hand was for a moment on his arm. "Senhor, I apologize for what has happened to you——"

"But it's nothing to do with you."

"You do not understand. It is everything to do with me. There have always been the das Tegas family here. It is our island. We are proud of it. Never have we had trouble like this. . . . Oh, there have been bad things, stealings and even men fighting with knives, and drunkenness, but always over things that could be understood and forgiven."

It was not something Peter had expected, but he understood it at once . . . the hot pride and love of her family for this place.

"Of course, we shall keep your secret."

"We?"

"My father and I."

"Do you have to tell him?"

"But of course, senhor. This is his island——" She broke off suddenly and he knew at once that she had guessed what he was thinking. She went on rapidly, her voice challenging: "You are not suggesting, senhor, that my father cannot be trusted: that he might be involved in this affair?"

"Of course not," Peter said quickly. To appease her, he added: "It's obvious that he must be told. We'd better wait until the other guests have gone."

"Of course." She moved along the garden path, silent for a while. Then without looking at him, she said: "It was very brave of you to stay here when you could have caught the Bolivar. . . ." She laughed. "Oh, your face when Doctor Jaeger asked you about the boat. And also when I came down the stairs!"

She suddenly went off into peals of laughter.

THEY had to wait about a long time until they could get Quisto alone. Tereza brought him down into the garden to Peter. He came beaming, smoking a last cigar and leaning a little on a silver-topped cane. Wisely she manoeuvred him well out of earshot of the house before she began to tell him Peter's story. She spoke rapidly and in her own language. Peter knew when she reached the various points, because each one was followed by an explosion from Quisto.

The first explosion sent heads flying from a clump of flowers as he struck at them with his cane. The second was marked by the glowing parabola of his cigar-end as he hurled it away into the bushes. The third made the studs pop open on his starched front as he turned to Peter, flinging his arms wide and roaring like an angry animal.

"On my island! *Por Deus,* this is unbelievable! Unforgivable!"

He turned, for a moment utterly lost for words. Then he put his arm round Peter's shoulder. "We shall handle this, senhor. There are good and bad on this island, but do not worry. You are in my hands, senhor. Tomorrow when the fishing boats come in we shall see which boat has this dog. After that we shall decide what to do."

That "we" again. Peter said hesitantly: "We mustn't let anyone suspect that we know anything, you realize. We've got to get all the information we can to the man at São Paulo without scaring any of the birds."

"It shall be done! Discretion must be our watchword!" cried Quisto. "And now, it is late. To bed! To bed!"

They parted, and Tereza took Peter down the path to the gate. The sound and thought of her alongside him were pleasant. But for her, there would not have been this scented night overhung with pale stars, the air troubled now and again with the heavy, soft whirrs of blundering moths.

He turned to her as he opened the gate.

"I'm sorry if I got you wrong this morning. You did me a good turn

and I treated you like a peasant girl. If I'd known, I wouldn't have. . . ." He hesitated, feeling suddenly embarrassed.

Tereza laughed and went on for him: "What? Kissed me and given me money? Why not? I like both."

Before he could say or do anything she had reached up and kissed him on the cheek and then was gone into the darkness.

When Tereza entered the house, it was to find her father standing alone in the long salon. The laughter went from her. The light from the chandelier showed his face, grave and tired. She put a hand on his arm and he caressed her fingers.

"I have seen this coming, Tereza. Even on an island like this you cannot keep the world out. The people have been bad before, but it was always the unruliness of children. Now there is evil with us. For a long time I have smelt it in the air like carrion." His voice was heavy with sadness.

Tereza drew close to him. "Only a few people can be doing this. The rest of the island is the same."

"No, my child. The wickedness of a few is a disease that spreads to others. I have known the world and withdrawn from it. But it reaches out, even here."

"We shall stop it. Things will be the same again."

Quisto looked at her. She was young, his favourite daughter; she was optimistic and full of the unflinching hope of youth. Momentarily he envied her the vigour and confidence she brought to life.

"Yes, we shall stop it." He drew himself up, anger reaching through him. "This island, these people—they are my life. But when it is all over things will not be the same. That is the lesson age will teach you, my child. Things are never the same." He stopped abruptly and grinned at her. "Go to bed. After midnight I become an old man and fit company only for myself."

Tereza kissed him. When she reached the top of the stairs she looked back. He was standing where she had left him. Her heart was suddenly overflowing with a warm, impetuous tenderness for him.

PETER slept late next morning. He was only just awake when the door opened with a creak of hinges and Anita came in. She set a tray on the table by the bed. Roused by the smell of coffee and rolls, Peter sat up.

"*Bons dias*, senhorita."

Anita stepped back from the bed, her hands behind her, and gave him a smile. She was the kind of girl he understood easily; the three-day shore-leave kind who waved goodbye and forgot you.

When she was gone, he drank his coffee, which was excellent, and ate a roll. The morning sun was hot and strong across the foot of the bed, and he was suddenly anxious to be up. He reached out for his wrist-watch, which he had put on the bedside table. It was gone. It had been there just before Anita came in.

Well, my light-fingered lass, he thought, we'll have that when we meet.

He dressed quickly and went down to look for Anita. He found her in the yard. She had an old tin in one hand and was scattering maize for a group of hens that pecked over the small yellow cobbles. She raised a bare foot and kicked hard at an arrogant rooster that was getting more than his share of corn. The bird was sent squawking against one of the walls and Peter laughed. She turned and grinned at him.

"I want a word with you," he said.

She threw the last of the corn to the birds and then tossed the tin away.

"Senhor?"

He moved closer to her and held out his hand. "I'd like my watch back. You understand?"

She nodded, unconcerned.

"Come on, then. Hand it over."

She shook her head, smiling, her eyes challenging and defiant.

"Come on. No nonsense." He caught her by the wrist and at once the muscle and bone quivered and it was like holding a young animal, wild and plunging, but somehow not frightened. She raised her arm and bit into his hand.

He gave a grunt of pain and released her. She made for the arched entrance to the courtyard, but he moved swiftly and headed her off.

Laughing, she backed against the wall of the yard until she was almost hidden in the luxuriance of a creeper starred with tiny blue flowers. Peter saw her hands pressed protectingly against a small pocket in her dress and he knew that his watch was there.

HE walked slowly up to her, rubbing his sore hand. He stopped a couple of feet from her, and stood there, smiling. She was enjoying this, he could see. He jumped suddenly, grabbing her elbows and throwing his weight on her so that she was forced back into the creeper. Tiny blue flowers showered around them. She fought and kicked and he heard her muttering in Portuguese. He didn't know what she was saying but he guessed that it was uncomplimentary. Holding her with his weight, he slipped his hand into her pocket and took the watch.

When he would have stepped back her hands gripped the slack sides of his jacket. Her face was very close to him, the lips half-parted, her skin flushed and warm, the firm, vigorous line of her body moulded against him.

Her sudden change of mood amused him. He kissed her and she held him with a sudden vigorous passion.

A voice from behind him said: "Good morning, senhor."

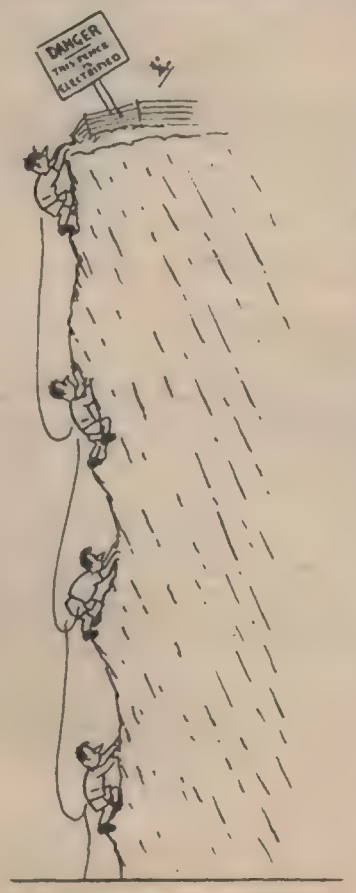
Anita slipped away from him and he turned to find himself facing Tereza and Quisto. Tereza, in a green skirt and a white blouse, stood just inside the archway, watching him closely. Quisto, astride El Bobo, his donkey, was on the other side of the archway. One hand held the red umbrella, and he was smiling.

Tereza said something rapidly in Portuguese to Anita, who flounced into the bodega.

Embarrassed, Peter moved forward. "She stole my watch. . . ."

Tereza turned away from him, going back to her father, and Quisto laughed.

"And naturally, senhor — what better way to get it back?" Quisto's shoulders shook as he looked from Peter to Tereza. "Forget it, senhor. What is a kiss where Anita is concerned? She expects it as a goat



What does *your* child drink at Breakfast?

IT has long been generally accepted that breakfast is a particularly important meal for children. This is confirmed by food authorities who say that children should get a fourth to a third of their daily food requirements at breakfast time. This emphasizes the importance of a nourishing breakfast drink.

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P. 906A

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expects to be milked. Come on, we have business with a dog.''

They left the bodega and walked along the edge of the square, Peter to one side of El Bobo and Tereza on the other. Once or twice he looked across at her, but she avoided his eyes.

The sun was warm across the square. At the mouth of the harbour a long swell was lifting slow breakers that shouldered their way ponderously through the narrow entrance. As yet, there was no sign of the fishing fleet.

Quisto was quite obviously looking forward to the morning's work. "When we find it, senhor,'' he cautioned, his voice booming indiscreetly into the breeze, "we will act carefully. Not a word, not a glance! We three have a secret. It must remain ours until the moment to strike comes. And then. . . . Ah!''

It was at this moment that Peter saw the dog. There was no doubt in his mind whatever. It went trotting across the square ahead of them, its muzzle low to the ground as though it followed some delectable scent.

"That's it!'' he said. "Over there. Look.'' He pointed towards the dog.

They followed it. The dog went up a flight of steep stone steps running between the houses fronting the square.

"Come on.'' Peter took Tereza's arm. "After it.''

From behind them came Quisto's voice: "El Bobo cannot manage the steps with my weight, and at my age I cannot trot after dogs on foot. I shall see you later. Discretion!'' The last word was boomed after them.

For the first time, Tereza smiled.

The dog led them a dance. At the top of the steps it stopped and passed the time of day with two other dogs. It then went along a street parallel with the square and into a courtyard where it sniffed fastidiously around a garbage box. A youth of about sixteen was working at a carpenter's bench in the yard. Tereza leaned over the wall and asked him if it was his dog.

"No, Senhorita Tereza.''

The dog was moving again. . . . Wherever they went, Tereza, after a few moments' talk, made her inquiries.

"I am being discreet?'' she asked Peter, her mood now light and friendly.

"Absolutely''

From the way people spoke to her Peter could see that she was treated with great respect. She was Quisto's daughter.

It was the priest, Father Gordano, who supplied the first general information about the dog.

"I am not sure, my child,'' he said to Tereza, "but I think it belongs to Senhor Lesset. Sometimes I have seen him walking with it. He is a great lover of animals.''

He chatted for a while longer, and excused himself. As he went, the dog sat up, stretched and then trotted away up the street. Peter and Tereza followed.

"Lesset!'' said Peter. "Does he ever go out fishing?''

"No, not with the fleet. For his research work he has a small motor-boat.''

Peter was silent.

The dog took them to the street, which dwindled into a rough pathway, leading to the cliff-top. At the end of the path was a long, grey concrete block-house.

"Look!'' Tereza's hand was on Peter's arm. "It's going to Senhor Lesset's place.''

There was a neat little garden in front of the block-house. The dog trotted up the path between two long petunia beds and scratched at the door. Peter and Tereza stood watching. There seemed no doubt about it. This was Lesset's dog.

The door opened and, before they could turn away, Lesset had seen them. He came out, looking shabby and comfortable in an old shirt, patched trousers and a frayed panama.

"Ah, so you've decided to come up and see my place,'' he called to Peter. "Come in.''

They went in. Lesset excused himself for a moment and disappeared into a side room. He came back with a bowl of scraps which he set down by the open door for the dog.

"Is that your dog?'' Peter asked.

"Well, no, I guess I wouldn't call it mine.'' Lesset came back towards them. "But it pays me a visit sometimes and I feed it. In return it gives me its company on a walk now and then. That's all we ask of one another. Now let me show you round.''

Set about three walls of the room were sets of aquarium tanks, and there was a large tank isolated on a table in the middle of the room. Near the long window which fronted the harbour, commanding a view down across the tops of the houses, was a bench with a microscope and jars of preserved specimens.

There was no doubt of Lesset's pride in his work. As he showed them round, words poured from him . . . zooplankton, phytoplankton, pteropod molluscs, pelagic amphipods. . . . The obvious confusion on Peter's face brought a twinkle into Lesset's eyes.

"Take a look at that.'' Lesset adjusted the microscope and stood back. Peter, peering into the eyepiece, saw two or three glassy, transparent objects pulsating and wriggling on the slide. Lesset's voice went on: "That barrel-shaped thing is the discarded house of a tunicate. The tangle of stuff inside is a phronima which has taken up lodgings there. Believe me, the economy of the sea puts us to shame. Nothing is wasted. One day when the earth's crops wither away—or at least that's what my firm back home are hoping—the world will be fed on plankton.''

His head cocked sideways like some hoary old crow, he swept them round the tanks and it was quite clear that his work was his passion.

Peter felt a tug at his arm. Tereza's eyes flicked towards the door. The dog had finished its meal and was sauntering slowly down the garden path. They made an excuse to leave and Lesset followed them out into the garden.

"The sea is life—you two remember that. We all came from it and it still controls us. Something happens out there, and sooner or later we know about it.'' His head tipped towards the distant stretch of blue and silver water. "We've been having quite a few earth tremors here lately, haven't we, Tereza? Nothing to do with old Pae up there. It's out there under the water. Islands pop up and islands pop down, the sea bed alters, the currents switch round and the temperatures change and—before you know it—there's no food for the seabirds and then——''

"And then,'' put in Tereza, "there's no guano for Portos Marias.''

Lesset laughed. "Smart girl. Senhor Landers, you couldn't have found a better guide to show you round the place. Or a prettier one.''

He watched them, smiling indulgently, as they went down the hill.

Half an hour later, still following the dog, Peter and Tereza came down a path near Quisto's villa to the square.

At the jetty they could see a dozen fishing boats which had returned during the morning. There were shouts and cries and the rumble of the little donkey carts.

Most of the fish had been unloaded, but the men were working still, preparing their craft for the late afternoon when they would go out again.

The dog ran on to the jetty, halted about half-way and was scratching itself in the sun close to the bows of a boat called the Borrisco. There was a man standing on the jetty talking to the two crew in the boat. Peter recognized the man at once as Nimo Dinez. Peter and Tereza stopped alongside him and he nodded, smiling at Peter.

Tereza began to speak to Nimo, and Peter realized at once that she was speaking slowly and deliberately so that he should be able to follow. After a while she bent down and fondled the dog.

"I didn't know you had a dog, Nimo.''

"Dog?'' Nimo looked at the animal. "He is not mine, Senhorita Tereza. He is a stray. He belongs to nobody.''

As he finished speaking there was a shout and a clatter of hooves from a little farther up the jetty. A donkey laden with two heavy fish panniers had slipped on the rough slabs of stone and was lying on the ground, weighed down by its panniers and threshing its legs in a hopeless attempt to get to its feet. There was a shout of laughter as a fisherman tried to get its bridle and help it up and was kicked for his pains. As the man hopped cursing away, another man shouldered his way through the knot of men and with a roar of good-humoured abuse at the struggling animal, bent down and with a heave of his gorilla-like arms lifted the animal to its feet as though it were a toy.

"Bravo, Assis!''

The man grinned, delighted at the applause, and then, smacking the donkey on its rump, sent it ambling forward. He followed it, shouting kindly insults at the animal.

As he came towards them Peter saw that he was a man in his thirties, but he had the face of a boy, a face the colour of raw tobacco. His eyebrows were thick and formed a ridge across the top of his nose, and his black hair was thick and curly. He wore a ragged blue shirt and white canvas trousers stained with grease and paint, and he walked with a thrusting forward swing of his shoulders as though he were forcing his way through an invisible crowd.

He stopped as he came abreast of them and gave Tereza a quick smile. Then he turned and began to talk to Nimo.

Peter put out a hand and touched Tereza unobtrusively. He nodded towards the dog. As Assis talked, the dog was moving round and round him, looking up towards him and whining for attention. After a moment, Assis

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

Mr. Taylor had been married for nearly forty years before he decided that he had grounds to petition for a divorce. His reason for claiming a decree was simple. "I just can't stand my wife's cruelty any longer,'' he complained.

Mrs. Taylor seized on that word "cruelty,'' and scoffed. "How could I have been cruel enough to justify a divorce? she challenged her husband. "We've had our quarrels, I'll admit. But just you tell me how I've been cruel.''

Mr. Taylor did so—in the divorce court. "First,'' he said, "you cut my hats and suits with scissors. You damaged the cigarette case and the tray which my firm presented me with. You even scratched the lenses of my spectacles with your diamond ring.''

He added that his wife had twice kicked his leg, and rounded off his accusation by saying that she was a persistent nagger. "She's always saying I run around with other women,'' he told the court. "Whenever I'm away from home on business, she thinks the worst. At home, she wakes me up at all hours of the night by digging me in the back with her elbow, and won't let me move to another room.''

In short, Mr. Taylor claimed that after a few years of this he had suffered a nervous breakdown. He admitted that he had met a sympathetic woman, and had committed adultery with her since leaving home. But this was not until after his wife's malicious conduct had taken place.

Mrs. Taylor dismissed the whole business as unconvincing. A normal man would not have become ill as a result of all these happenings—even if they were true, which she did not admit for one moment. Cruelty in a divorce court was not the same thing as people describe in everyday conversation, and it was well known that action which causes damage to health is not in itself cruelty. She strongly opposed the granting of a divorce.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 36

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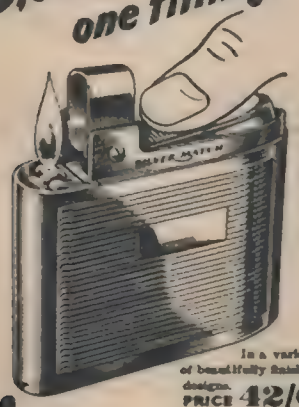

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looked down at the dog. He made a mock angry gesture at it and the dog lowered its head, crestfallen.

"Why are you angry with it, Assis?" asked Tereza.

"Because, Senhorita Tereza, it is faithless. If you were not a woman, I should say as faithless as a woman."

"It is your dog?"

"No. It is a stray. A fishing dog. It likes to go out with the boats." He bent down and picked the dog up, holding its muzzle close to his face. "Faithless! For five nights running it has been out with us but last night it deserts us and we have bad luck. Go, you rogue!" He set the dog down and waved it off.

"It brings luck, then?" asked Tereza.

"Who can tell what brings luck, senhorita?"

Assis gave them a wave of his hand and walked away.

Peter could sense the excitement in Tereza. As soon as they could they left Nimo.

He turned to her, seeing her eyes bright, her face eager. "Who is this Assis?"

"He works with the Pastori brothers, Vasco and Manuel, on the Miragem." She nodded towards a boat at the far end of the jetty. Then she added: "He is also the fiancé of Anita."

THEY stood looking at the Miragem. The two Pastori brothers were aboard and Tereza indicated them quietly. Vasco, the elder, was a tall, rawboned man with a gloomy face made even gloomier by a limp black moustache. Manuel was short, blunt-faced, with a large loose mouth from which projected a cigar stub. His teeth were broken and discoloured.

These were the men, thought Peter, who had left him to drown. They were rough fishermen, hard and self-contained, and with an air about them that made their ruthlessness easy to believe. Yes, even Assis . . . there was something in that large, boyish face, a suggestion of cruelty. . . .

All his instinct urged him to go up to them, to throw himself upon them and ease the disgust he felt for them in violence. He suddenly saw that Tereza was watching him, and he had the feeling that she knew exactly what he was thinking.

She began to tell him about the three men as soon as they were off the jetty. The Pastori brothers and Assis lived together in a house at the top of the town. Assis's parents had died when he was about fourteen, and Quisto had been good to him until he had become old enough to earn his living fishing.

"Of all the men on the island, it does not surprise me that it should be these. The Pastori brothers keep to themselves, and they are not liked, though they have caused no trouble. Assis is always in trouble. Although he is likeable, he is lazy. He steals and he is always making trouble with women. Now we must tell my father. He will be in the cannery."

Eagerly she took his arm, moving him towards the long corrugated iron building on the far side of the square. "You understand, we shall have to be careful with him over this business. We must control him."

The serious way in which she spoke made him smile. There were times when she talked of her father as though he were a younger brother to be protected and managed.

"We can handle him between us."

She was silent for a while. Then she looked up at him and asked, "Senhor Landers . . . why were you given the job in the Turkish Slave? Have you done this kind of work before?"

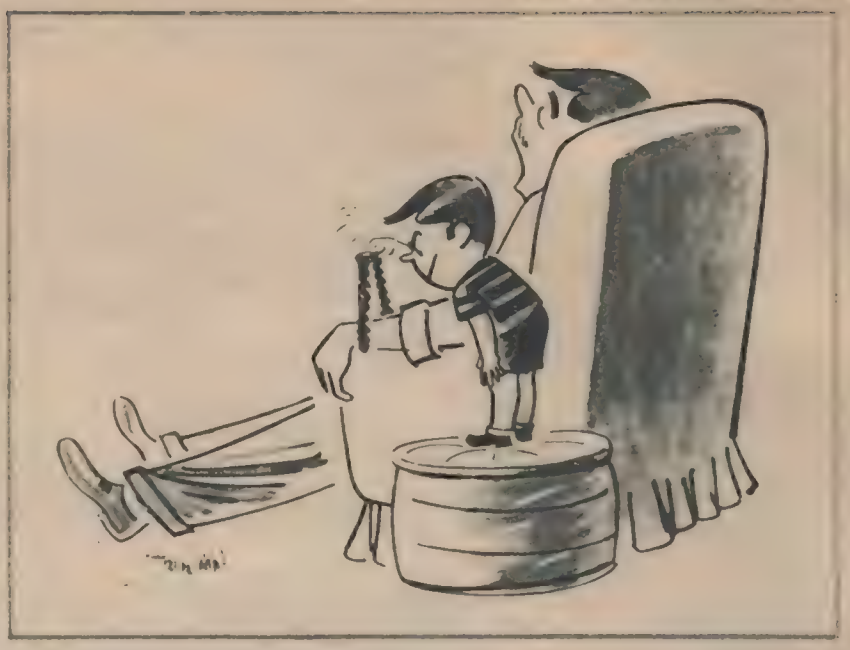
The question coming out of the blue found him unready and disturbed him. "Oh . . . I don't know . . ."

Instinctively, because she liked him and wanted to give him no distress, she said quickly, "They must have great trust in you, Senhor Landers."

"Well, somebody had to do it." It sounded lame and he was full of embarrassment.

"You're too modest," she laughed.

Peter knew then that she was aware



of his awkwardness and was covering it. He looked at this girl with a fresh interest, and, oddly, into his mind came a memory that way back some man from his family had left the tin mines at Callington and come to South America. Lots of Cornish miners had done that. He'd married a Spanish girl somewhere. The idea didn't seem so fantastic. . . .

They found Quisto alone at the back of the cannery building, mending part of the yard wall that had collapsed.

He was, Peter thought, unusually controlled and silent while Tereza told him their story, but the moment she had finished he went off in a full head of steam.

"Assis!" he roared, and smacked his hammer down on a stone with such force that it split into small fragments. "Oh, that black-haired devil Assis! Wait till my fists find his dark hide!"

It took Peter and Tereza a good five minutes to calm the old man down and prevent him from going off after Assis and the Pastori brothers. And it was then that Peter decided that in future he would tell Quisto only as much as he had to tell.

"Well, Senhor Peter, what is to be done?" Quisto asked finally.

"For the time being we can only keep our eyes open!"

They went across the yard and into the cannery. The moment they got inside, Quisto appeared to forget all about the three fishermen in his pleasure at showing Peter around. It was a long, low, primitive building crowded with cleaning and preparing tables, an old-fashioned steam pressure retort and a long cooling tank. The place was full of noise; the rattle from an old petrol engine that worked the conveyor belt through the cooler, the hiss and whine of the steam boiler, the steady *clunk, clunk* of the sealing machine and the chatter of men and girls around the tables as they worked their long, lean knives.

Peter could tell from the sound of the engine that it was slowly beating out its bearings—probably simply from lack of oil, he thought. Everywhere he looked, his tidy nature was horrified by makeshift methods and badly working machinery.

JOSÉ, Quisto's son, who was working the sealing machine with three girls, gave him a wave of the hand. Quisto's voice boomed in his ear . . . "Wonderful, is it not, senhor? I have brought industry to Portos Marias. In another year we shall be making vast profits."

Peter scarcely heard him. An idea had come to him. The jewels were brought in by Assis and the Pastori brothers, but they still had to be got to the mainland. It would be easy if the jewels could be placed in cans. . . . But could that be done? And how could it be assured that the cans went to the right place on the mainland? He looked across at José and his companions at the sealing machine round which the cans revolved, and then at the long line of cans moving up the conveyor belt. In this confusion and with all these people about it would be impossible safely to put jewels into a can and then be able to determine its destination. . . . No, that was no good.

They went down the length of the building and by the door he saw Captain Guarani sitting in a small glass-partitioned office. The cold blue eyes of the retired naval captain rested for a moment on Peter. Then the man signalled to Quisto, who went across to him.

Tereza watched her father go. She turned to Peter. "You like our cannery?"

"Yes. . . ."

She laughed. "I know what you are thinking. And you are right. It does not bring any profit. You see, my father is full of schemes for making money, but he is much better at spending it."

Peter guessed that at times it might not be easy being Quisto's daughter. There were lots of things on which a girl like Tereza might like to spend money. . . . It would be a joy for any man to spend money on her. He took her arm and led her towards the door.

OUTSIDE, lighting a cigarette to get the warm, heavy smell of fish from his throat, he said, "What does Guarani do?"

"He keeps the books," Tereza explained. "He likes to have something to do. He has a share in a boat, too, but he does not often go out."

"Does he go to the mainland often?"

"Sometimes."

He asked no more questions, but he could see that she was watching him. They moved across the square in silence towards Commere Grazia's.

They were almost at the steps of the bodega when the ground beneath Peter's feet gave a sudden, quick shake, was still and then juddered again. It was so unexpected that he was almost thrown off his balance. He put out a hand to Tereza's shoulder.

She laughed and looked up at him.

"What the devil was that?" he asked.

"Have you forgotten Senhor Lesset's words? A little shake of the earth. It is nothing, senhor. We have been having them lately. Every four or five years they come for a while, but they do no harm."

He drew his hand from her shoulder. She was looking at him: "But this is nothing. You had some idea just now in the cannery. I saw it on your face."

She was shrewd, quicksilver. He smiled ruefully. "I'm going to have a look round the Pastori brothers' house tonight while they're out fishing. Tell Quisto this and I'll break your neck."

"But of course not. However, I shall come with you."

"In a pig's eye, you will!"

She frowned, puzzled. "What does that mean?"

He laughed. "It means that much

as I like you, this is a job that only needs one. You're going to stay at home and I'll tell you all about it tomorrow."

To his surprise, she made no attempt to argue with him.

He had his evening meal with Grazia and Anita in the kitchen. Later, he walked to the clifftop and sat smoking.

The discovery that it was the crew of the Miragem who smuggled the jewels was important, but behind the fishermen there was someone else, someone who would have contacts with the mainland. He went over the things he had learned about the principal men.

There was Captain Guarani, who made frequent visits to Santos; Doctor Jaeger, a bitter political internee, who in his years of confinement on the island might easily have been persuaded to take part in the affair; Samuel Lesset, the American marine biologist, who in three years had been away from the place for several spells of three or four months at a time, and Nimo Dinez, who sometimes made a trip to Santos, and seemed to have more money than anyone else.

Then also there were Father Gordano. It was no good ignoring him because he was a priest: priests are human and corruptible; and Quisto—he didn't like this thought but he had to face it—who might, for all he knew, be playing an elaborate double game, deceiving both him and Tereza.

NEAR midnight, when Portos Marias behind him had fallen still and only an odd light showed here and there, he went back along the headland and made for the Pastori brothers' house. It was in the street a little below Lesset's blockhouse. In the shadow of the wall he tried the door and found it locked. Below the house was a small yard, its gate set back in a dark recess.

He slid into the recess and was soon over the gate. He worked the catch free from a side window with his knife and climbed in, closing the window behind him.

He had a torch which he had borrowed from Tereza. The house was small; a living-room and a kitchen downstairs and two bedrooms upstairs. He went over each room carefully, keeping the light from his torch low and shielded. The place was poorly furnished and marked with a sordid, masculine untidiness. The beds were palliasses of straw, the blankets rumpled just as the occupants had risen and dropped them. There was no hiding place that he could see.

The floors upstairs were made of rough single boards, and downstairs they were tiled. A large cupboard ran along part of one wall, and there was a small door that led to a cramped recess under the stairs, where brushes, old rags and a crate of canned milk were kept.

He opened the wall cupboard. It was stocked with canned goods, bags of sugar and flour, and earthenware jars of vinegar and olive oil. He went over the various things quickly, searching for some hiding-place, but he found nothing.

For all he was going to get out of this house, he decided, he might have saved himself the trouble. It was a bachelors' dump, a bivouac for men who spent as little time as possible in it.

He clicked off his torch and stood there in the darkness. After this it was hard to know what step he could take.

At that moment he heard the rattle of the street door which opened straight into the sitting-room. He froze. The Pastori brothers were at sea . . . They would not return until the next morning.

A key grated gently in a lock and he heard the brief protest of an ill-fitting door being forced over its wooden step.

He moved swiftly, drew open the door of the recess under the stairs and squeezed himself in.

He pulled the door as close as he could from the inside. He sat there, hunched up on the case of canned milk, and tried to control his breathing.

To be continued next week

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THE GOOD DEED OF MRS. PAN

Continued from page 8

the contrary, the walls encircle more than one thousand souls, all of whom are relatives of our family."

"A large family," Lili said.

"It is," old Mrs. Pan said. "And my son's father was the head of it. We live in a house with seventy rooms. It is in the midst of the village. We have gardens in the courtyards. My own garden contains also a pool wherein are aged goldfish, very fat. I fed them millet and they knew me."

"How amusing." Lili saw with pleasure that the old lady's cheeks were faintly pink and that her large, beautiful eyes were beginning to shine and glow. "And how many years did you live there, Ancient One?"

"I went there as a bride. I was seventeen." She looked at Lili, questioning. "How old are you?"

Lili smiled, somewhat ashamed. "I am twenty-seven."

Mrs. Pan was shocked. "Twenty-seven? But my son's wife called you Miss."

"I am not married," Lili confessed.

Mrs. Pan was instantly concerned. "How is this?" she asked. "Are your parents dead?"

"They are dead," Lili said, "but it is not their fault that I am not married."

Old Mrs. Pan would not agree to this. She shook her head with decision. "It is the duty of the parents to arrange the marriage of the children. Now who is left to perform the task? Have you brothers?"

"No," Lili said, "I am an only child. But please don't worry yourself, Mrs. Pan. I am earning my own living and there are many more young women like me in this country."

Old Mrs. Pan was dignified about this. "I cannot be responsible for what other persons do, but I must be responsible for my own kind," she declared. "Allow me to know the names of the suitable persons who can arrange your marriage. I will stand in the place of your mother. We are all in a foreign country now and we must keep together and the old must help the young in these important matters."

LILI was kind and she knew that Mrs. Pan meant kindness. "Dear Mrs. Pan," she said, "marriage here is very different from marriage in China. Here the young people choose their own mates."

"Why do you not choose, then?" Mrs. Pan said with some spirit.

Lili Yang looked abashed. "Perhaps it would be better for me to say that only the young men choose. It is they who must ask the women."

"What do the young women do?" Mrs. Pan inquired.

"They wait," Lili confessed.

"And if they are not asked?"

"They continue to wait," Lili said gently.

"How long?" Mrs. Pan demanded.

"As long as they live."

Old Mrs. Pan was profoundly shocked. "Do you tell me that there is no person who arranges such matters when it is necessary?"

"Such an arrangement is not thought of here," Lili told her.

"And they allow their women to remain unmarried!" Mrs. Pan exclaimed. "Are there also sons who do not marry?"

"Here men do not marry unless they wish to do so."

Mrs. Pan was even more shocked. "How can this be?" she asked. "Of course men will not marry unless they are compelled to do so to provide grandchildren for the family. It is necessary to make laws and create customs, so that a man who will not marry is denounced as an unfilial son, and one who does not fulfil his duty to his ancestors."

"Here the ancestors are forgotten and parents are not important," Lili said, unwillingly.

"What a country is this!" Mrs. Pan exclaimed. "How can such a country endure?"

Lili did not reply. Old Mrs. Pan had unknowingly touched upon a wound in her heart. No man had ever asked her to marry him. Yet above all else she would like to be married and to have children. She was a good social worker, and the head of the Children's Bureau sometimes told her that he did not know what he would do without her and she must never leave them, for then there would be no one to serve the people in Chinatown. She did not wish to leave except to be married, but how could she find a husband? She looked down at her hands, clasped in her lap, and thought that if she had been in her own country, if her father had not come here as a young man and married here, she would have been in China and by now the mother of many children. Instead, what would become of her? She would grow older and older, and at last hope must die.

Mrs. Pan had been studying Lili's face carefully and with thought. This was not a pretty girl. Her face was too flat, and her mouth was large. She looked like a girl from Canton and not from Hangchow or Soochow. But she had a nice skin, and her eyes, though small, were kind. She was the sort of girl, Mrs. Pan could see, who would make an excellent wife and a good mother, but certainly she was one for whom a marriage must be arranged. She was a decent, plain good girl and left to herself, Mrs. Pan could predict, nothing at all would happen. She would wither away like a dying flower. . . .

Old Mrs. Pan forgot herself for the first time since she had been hurried away from the village without even being allowed to stop and see that the salted cabbage, drying on ropes across the big courtyard, was brought in for the winter. She had been compelled to leave it there, and she had often thought of it with regrets. She could have brought some with her had she known it was not to be had here. But there it was, and it was only one thing among others that she had left undone. Many people depended upon her; she had left them because her son compelled her, and she was not used to this idleness that was killing her day by day.

She leant forward and patted Lili's clasped hands. "Do not grieve any more," she said tenderly. "I will arrange everything."

"I am not grieving," Lili said.

"Of course you are," Mrs. Pan retorted. "I can see you are a true woman, and women grieve when they are not wed so that they can have children. You are grieving for your children."

Lili could not deny this. She would have been ashamed to confess to any other person except this old Chinese lady who might have been her grandmother. She bent her head and bit her lip, and let a tear or two fall upon her hands.

"Do not grieve," old Mrs. Pan was saying. "I will arrange it, I will do it."

IT was so comforting a murmur that Lili could not bear it. She said: "I came to comfort you, but it is you who comfort me." Then she got up and went out of the room quickly because she did not want to sob aloud. She was unseen, for young Mrs. Pan had gone to market and the children were at school, and Lili went away telling herself that it was all absurd, that an old woman from the middle of China who could not speak a word of English would not be able to change anything here.

Old Mrs. Pan could scarcely wait for her son to come home at noon. She declined to join the family at the table, saying that she must speak with her son first.

When he came in, he saw at once that she was changed. She held up her head and she spoke to him sharply when he came into the room, as though it were her house and not his in which they now were.

"Let the children eat first," she commanded. "I shall need time to talk with you and I am not hungry."

He repressed his inclination to tell her that he was hungry and that he must get back to the office. Something in her look made it impossible for him to be disobedient to her. He went away and gave the children directions, and then returned.

"Yes, my mother," he said, seating himself on a small uncomfortable chair.

Then she related to him with much detail and repetition what had happened that morning. She declared with indignation that she had never before heard of a country where no marriages were arranged for the young, leaving to them the most important event of their lives and that at a time when their judgment was still unripe, and a mistake could bring disaster upon the whole family.

"Your own marriage," she reminded him, "was arranged by your father with great care, our two families knowing each other well. Even though you and my daughter-in-law were distant in this country, yet we met her parents through a suitable go-between, and her uncle here stood in her father's place, and your father's friend in place of your father, and so it was all done according to custom, though so far away."

MR. PAN did not have the heart to tell his mother that he and his wife had fallen in love first, and then, out of kindness to their elders, had allowed the marriage to be arranged for them as though they were not in love, and as though, indeed, they did not know each other.

They were both young people of heart, and although it would have been much easier to be married in the American fashion, they considered their elders.

"What has all this to do with us now, my mother?" he asked.

"This is what it is to do," she replied with spirit. "A nice, ugly girl of our own people came here today to see me. She is twenty-seven years old and she is not married. What will become of her?"

"Do you mean Lili Yang?" her son asked.

"I do," she replied. "When I heard that she has no way of being married, because, according to the custom of this country, she must wait for a man to ask her. . . ." Old Mrs. Pan broke off and gazed at her son with horrified eyes. "Suppose the only man who asks is one who is not at all suitable?"

"It is quite possible that it often happens thus," her son said, trying not to laugh.

"Then she has no choice," old Mrs. Pan said indignantly.

"No," Mr. Pan agreed, "unless she is very pretty, my mother, when several men may ask, and then she has a choice."

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell how at least six young men had proposed to his wife, thereby distressing him continually until he was finally chosen, but he thought better of it. Would it not be hard to explain so much to his old mother, and could she understand? He doubted it. Nevertheless, he felt it necessary at least to make one point.

"Something must be said for the man also, my mother. Sometimes he asks a girl who will not have him, because she chooses another, and then his sufferings are intense. Unless he wishes to remain unmarried, he must ask a second girl, who is not the first one. Here also is some injustice."

Old Mrs. Pan listened to this attentively and then declared: "It is all barbarous. Certainly it is very embarrassing to be compelled to speak of these matters, man and woman, face

"I want a hook-on beard and stick-on eyebrows like yours"

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We had humiliated him. We had spoilt his Christmas. How could we show him we loved him? There *was* a way—so dangerous that it made me feel sick even to think of it. . . .

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to face. They should be spared, others should speak for them."

She considered for a few seconds and then she said, with fresh indignation: "And what woman can change the appearance her ancestors have given her? Because she is not pretty is she less a woman? Are not her feelings like any woman's? Is it not her right to have husband and home and children? It is well known that men have no wisdom in such matters—they believe that a woman's face is all she has, forgetting that everything else is the same. Therefore his wife should be chosen for him, so that the family is not burdened with his follies."

Mr. Pan allowed all this to be said, and then he inquired: "What is on your mind, my mother?"

Old Mrs. Pan leaned towards him and lifted her forefinger. "This is what I command you to do for me, my son. I myself will find a husband for this girl of our people. She is helpless and alone. But I know no one, I am a stranger, and I must depend upon you. In your business there must be young men. Inquire and see who stands for them, so that we can arrange a meeting between them and me. I will stand for the girl's mother. I promised it."

Mr. Pan laughed and protested, but his mother would not yield, and in the end he was compelled to promise that he would see what he could do. Upon this promise she consented to eat her meal, and he led her out, her right hand resting upon his left wrist. The children were gone and they had a quiet meal together, and after it she said she felt that she would sleep. This was good news, for she had not slept well since she came, and young Mrs. Pan led her into the bedroom and helped her to lie down and placed a thin quilt over her.

Old Mrs. Pan slept peacefully for a couple of hours, and when she awoke, refreshed as she had not been for many months, it occurred to her that it would be interesting to look out of the window to the street and see what young men there were coming to and fro. One did not choose men from the street, of course, but still, she could see what their looks were.

She got up and tidied her hair and tottered on her small feet over to the window and, opening the curtains a little, gazed into the street for the first time since she came. She was pleased to see many Chinese men, some of them young.

She watched them, talking and laughing, and she kept in her mind the picture of Lili Yang, thinking to herself that it might be this one, or that one—although for sure one did not choose men from the street.

She stood so long that at last she became tired and she pulled a small chair to the window and kept looking through the parted curtains.

Here her daughter-in-law saw her a little later, when she opened the door to see if her mother-in-law was awake, but she did not speak. She looked at the little satin-clad figure, and went away again wondering why it was that the old lady found it pleasant today to look out of the window when every other day she had refused the same pleasure.

It became a pastime for old Mrs. Pan to look out of the window every day from then on. Gradually she came to know some of the young men, not by name but by their faces and by the way they walked by her window, never, of course, looking up at her; until one day a certain young man did look up and smile. And, watching the next day, she saw him look up and smile again.

The weather was warmer now; Mrs. Pan had the window opened a little, and, by degrees, she began to return the young man's courteous greeting. She permitted herself the slightest gesture of her head.

It was evident that the young man belonged in a china shop across the narrow street. She watched him go in and out, she watched him stand at the door in his shirtsleeves on a fine day and talk and laugh. She did not believe he was married, for she saw an old man who must be his father, who smoked a water pipe, and now and then an elderly woman, perhaps his mother, and a younger brother, but there was no young woman.

She began after some weeks of watching to fix upon this young man as a husband for Lili. But who could be the go-between except her own son?

She confided her plans one night to him, and, as always, he listened to her with courtesy and concealed amusement. "But the young man, my mother, is the son of Mr. Lim, who is the richest man in our street."

"That is nothing against him," she declared.

"But he will not submit to such an arrangement. He is well educated. He is only spending the summer at home in the shop to help his father."

"Lili Yang has also been to school."

The old lady had an answer to every objection, but when her son had taken himself off with some exasperation, she went back to the window a little more thoughtful than before. The young man was standing at the shop doorway, laughing at friends who passed, the sun shining on his glistening hair. She wished that she could speak to him, but, of course, that was impossible. Unless. . . .

She drew in a long breath. Unless she went downstairs and out into the street and crossed it and entered the shop, pretending that she came to buy something! If she did this, she could speak to him. But what would she say, and who would help her cross the street? She did not want to tell her son or her son's wife, for they would suspect her and laugh. They teased her often even now about her purpose, and Lili was so embarrassed by their laughter that she did not want to come any more.

Old Mrs. Pan reflected on the difficulty of her position as a lady in a barbarous and strange country. Then she thought of her eldest grandson, Johnnie. On Saturday, when her son was at his office and her son's wife at the market, she would coax Johnnie to lead her across the street to the china shop, she would pay him some money, and in the shop he would say she was looking for two bowls to match some that had been broken. It would be an expedition, but she might speak to the young man and tell him—what should she tell him? That must first be planned.

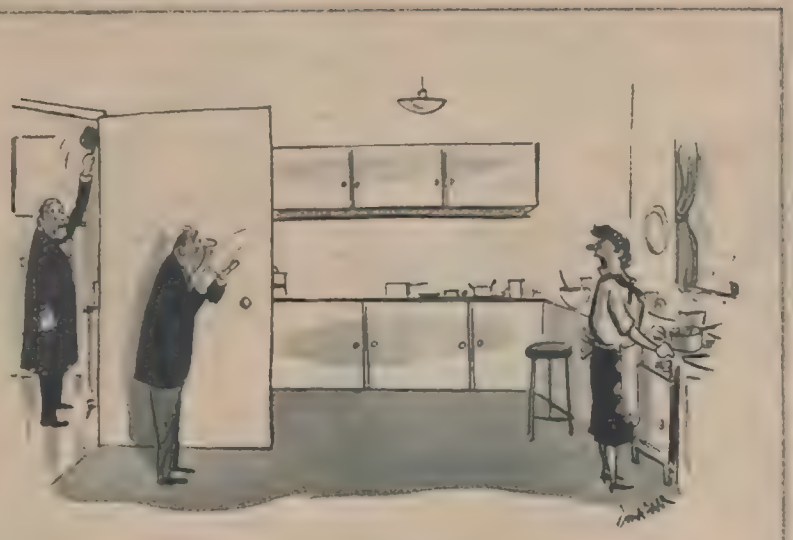
This was only Thursday and she had two days to prepare. She was very restless during those two days, but Saturday came at last and everything came about as she planned. Her son went away, and then her son's wife, and she walked downstairs and out into the street where her grandson was playing marbles and beckoned to him. When he came to her, she pressed a coin into his hand and pointed across the street with her cane.

"Lead me there," she commanded, and shutting her eyes tightly, she put her hand on his shoulder and allowed him to lead her to the shop. Then, to her dismay, he left her and ran back to play and she stood wavering on the threshold feeling dizzy, and the young man saw her and came hurrying towards her. To her joy he spoke good Chinese, and the words fell sweetly upon her old ears.

"Ancient One, Ancient One," he

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 30, the judge first decided that Mr. Taylor was telling the truth about the actions of his wife. But he still had to give his ruling on a divorce. The test was whether "on the whole facts and in all the circumstances, the husband had proved his wife was guilty of injurious, wilful and inexcusable conduct towards him." The judge decided that the wife had committed wilful and unjustifiable acts inflicting pain and misery, and injuring health. Mrs. Taylor's behaviour was legal cruelty, and Mr. Taylor got a decree nisi. (*This is the probable decision, based on actual cases.*)



"Well, did you ask the old skinflint for a rise?"

chided her kindly, "come in and sit down. It is too much for you."

He led her inside the cool dark shop and she sat down on a bamboo chair.

"I came to look for two bowls," she said faintly.

"Tell me the pattern and I will get them for you," he said. "Are they the blue willow pattern or the thousand flowers?"

"Thousand flowers," she said in the same faint voice, "but I do not wish to disturb you."

"I am here to be disturbed," he replied with utmost courtesy.

He brought out some bowls and set them on a small table before her and she fell to talking with him. He was very pleasant, his rather large face was shining with kindness and he laughed easily. Now that she saw him close she was glad to notice that he was not too handsome, his nose and mouth were big, and he had big hands and feet.

"You look like a countryman," she said. "Where is your ancestral home?"

"It is in the province of Shantung," he replied, "and there are not many of us here."

"That explains why you are so tall," she said. "These people from Canton are small. We of Szechuen are also big and our language is yours. I cannot understand the people of Canton."

From this they fell to talking of their own country which he had never seen, and she told him about the village and how she had been compelled to flee, and how strange this city was to her and how she would never have looked out of the window had it not been for the sake of Lili Yang.

"Who is Lili Yang?" he asked.

Old Mrs. Pan did not answer him directly. That would not have been suitable. One does not speak of a reputable young woman to any man, not even one as good as this one.

Instead, she began a long speech about the virtues of young women who were not pretty, and how beauty in a woman made virtue unlikely, and how a woman not beautiful was always grateful to her husband and did not consider that she had done him a favour by the marriage, but rather that it was he who conferred the favour, so that she served him far better than she could have done were she beautiful.

To all this the young man listened, his small eyes twinkling with laughter. "I take it that this Lili Yang is not beautiful," he said.

Old Mrs. Pan looked astonished. "I did not say so," she replied with spirit. "I will not say she is beautiful and I will not say that she is ugly. What is beautiful to one is not to another. Suppose you see her sometime for yourself, and then we will discuss it."

"Discuss what?" he demanded.

"Whether she is beautiful."

Suddenly she felt that she had come to a point and that she had better go home. It was enough for the first visit. She chose two bowls and paid for them and while he wrapped them up she waited in silence, for to say too much is worse than to say too little.

Next day she asked her son to call Lili Yang and say that she was lonely without her conversation. Mr. Pan, wondering what his mother was up to, but fearing to ask, did this, and Lili Yang promised to come to the house the following week.

Old Mrs. Pan heard this with excitement. She had not gone out again, but every day young Mr. Lim nodded to her and smiled, and once he sent her a small gift of fresh ginger root. She made up her mind slowly but she made it up well. When Lili Yang came again, she would ask her to take her to the china shop, pretending that she wanted to buy something, and she would introduce the two to each other; that much she would do. It was too much, but, after all, these were modern times, and this was a barbarous country where it did not matter greatly whether the old customs were kept or not. The important thing was to find a husband for Lili, who was already twenty-seven years old.

And so it all came about. When Lili walked into her room the next week, while the fine weather still held, old Mrs. Pan greeted her with smiles. She seized Lili's small hand, and noticed that the hand was soft and pretty as the hands of most plain-faced girls are, the gods being kind to such women and giving them pretty bodies when they see that the ancestors have not bestowed pretty faces. "Do not take off your hat," she told Lili. "I wish to go across the street to that shop and buy some dishes as a gift for my son's wife. She is very kind to me."

Lili Yang was pleased to see the old lady so changed and cheerful and in all innocence she agreed and they went across the street and into the shop. Today there were customers, and old Mr. Lim was there, too, as well as his son. He was a tall withered man, and he wore a small beard under his chin. When he saw old Mrs. Pan he stopped what he was doing and brought her a chair to sit upon while she waited. As soon as his customer was gone, he introduced himself, saying that he knew her son.

"My son told me of your honoured visit last week," he said. "Please come inside and have some tea. I will have my son bring the dishes, and you can look at them in quiet. It is too noisy here."

She accepted his courtesy, and in a few minutes young Mr. Lim came back to the inner room with the dishes while a servant brought tea.

Old Mrs. Pan did not introduce Lili Yang, for it was not well to embarrass a woman, but young Mr. Lim boldly introduced himself, in English.

"Are you Miss Lili Yang?" he asked. "I am James Lim."

"How did you know my name?" Lili asked, astonished.

"I have met you before, not face to face, but through Mrs. Pan," he said, his small eyes twinkling. "She has

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½ Bottle VP Old Brown British Sherry 3/3
Total 19/3

1 Bottle VP ★★★ Rich Ruby - 9/6
1 Bottle VP Ginger Wine - - 7/-
½ Bottle VP Rich Golden British Sherry 3/3
Total 19/9

1 Bottle VP Rich Ruby 6/-
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Total 19/-

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2/1d ½lb. packet

told me more about you than she knows."

Lili blushed. "Mrs. Pan is so old-fashioned," she murmured. "You must not believe her."

"I shall only believe what I see for myself," he said gallantly. He looked at her frankly and Lili kept blushing. Old Mrs. Pan had not done her justice, he thought. The young woman had a nice face, the sort he liked. She was shy, and he liked that also. It was something new.

Meanwhile, old Mrs. Pan watched all this with amazement. So this was the way it was, the young man speaking immediately, and the young woman blushing.

She wished that she knew what they were saying, but perhaps it was better that she did not know.

She turned to old Mr. Lim, who was sitting across the square table sipping tea. At least here she could do her duty.

"I hear your son is not married," she said in a tentative way.

"Not yet," Mr. Lim said. "He wants first to finish learning to be a western doctor."

"How old is he?" Mrs. Pan inquired.

"He is twenty-eight. It is very old, but he did not make up his mind for some years, and the learning is long."

"Miss Lili Yang is twenty-seven," Mrs. Pan said in the same tentative voice.

The young people were still talking in English and not listening to them. Lili was telling James Lim about her work and about old Mrs. Pan. She was not blushing any more; she had forgotten, it seemed, that he was a young man and she a young woman. Suddenly she stopped and blushed again. A woman was supposed to let a man talk about himself, not about her.

"Tell me about your work," she said. "I wanted to be a doctor, too, but it costs too much."

"I can't tell you here," he said. "There are customers waiting in the shop and it will take a long time. Let me come to see you, may I? I could come on Sunday when the shop is closed. Or we could ride on one of the river boats. Will you? The weather is fine."

"I have never been on a river boat," she said. "It would be delightful."

THE customers were getting impatient. They began to call out, and he got up. "Next Sunday," he said in a low voice. "Let's start early. I'll be at the wharf at nine o'clock."

"We do not know each other," she said, reluctant and yet eager. Would he think her too eager?

He laughed. "You see my respectable father, and I know old Mrs. Pan very well. Let them guarantee us."

He hurried away, and old Mrs. Pan said immediately to Lili: "I have chosen four dishes. Please take them and have them wrapped. Then we will go home."

Lili obeyed, and when she was gone old Mrs. Pan leaned towards old Mr. Lim. "I wanted to get her out of the way," she said in a low and important voice. "Now, while she is gone, what do you say? Shall we arrange a match? We do not need a go-between. I stand as her mother, let us say, and you are his father. We must have their horoscopes read, of course, but just between us, it looks as though it was suitable, does it not?"

Mr. Lim wagged his head. "If you recommend her, Honourable Old Lady, why not?"

Why not, indeed? Things were not so difficult here, after all.

"What day is convenient for you?" she asked.

"Shall we say Sunday?" old Mr. Lim suggested.

"Why not?" she replied. "All days are good, when one performs a good deed, and what is better than to arrange a marriage?"

"Nothing is better," Old Mr. Lim agreed. "Of all good deeds under heaven, it is the best."

They fell silent, both pleased with themselves, and waited. THE END

"How was I to know you had the king?"

HEART-THROB HUGHES PLAYS TO THE GALLERY

Continued from page 9

is appearing; for the pass, and a signed photograph, his fans pay five shillings a year. Sometimes a mother accompanies a teenage daughter who is a Hughes fan. "Then he turns on the charm," says Bill Snaith, his accompanist, "and the visit usually ends with the mother joining the club as well."

Snaith met Hughes when they both appeared in a TV *Hit Parade* programme early in 1952. Snaith recalls that Hughes said he might hire him one day if he could sew, cook, mend and massage. "I thought he was a cocky little so-and-so"—Snaith is one inch taller—"but I said—ironically, I thought—that I could, and I could drive a car and sometimes play the piano."

Later that year, when Snaith was on tour in Korea, he received a cable from Hughes that read: COME ON HOME; I CAN USE A NANNY NOW.

Snaith's first job was to teach the singer to drive, but Hughes failed his first test in Edinburgh. Asked by the examiner how he would indicate a left turn, he replied as Snaith used to instruct him: "Stick out the —— indicator."

Had To Borrow Music

Hughes's secretary, Joan Martin, also recalls his bouncing confidence. She worked in a music shop in Charing Cross Road, where the singer used to borrow new arrangements "when he hadn't a bean."

One day, more than two years ago, he stopped to admire her engagement ring and said, "I'll be needing a secretary who won't flirt with me; brush up your shorthand." She thought he was brash, "but a few months later I was working in the evenings on his fan mail." Last February she became his full-time secretary.

Other well-known singers, like Lester Ferguson, think that Hughes has a bright future if he is careful in developing his style. "He should guard against over-exploitation of a song like 'Here In My Heart,'" says Ferguson. It is one of Hughes's most popular numbers, and has already caused him some embarrassment.

Recently a young girl telephoned his flat frequently, asking when she might call. She refused to give a reason until Joan Martin insisted. Then she replied, quite seriously, "He winked at me when he was singing 'I'm alone, and oh, so lonely,' from 'Here In My Heart' at the Finsbury Park Empire the other night."

Hughes's habit of winking at the gallerytes arose from a suggestion his mother made after he had winked at her during a TV show from Birmingham last year. His publicity agent, Philip Ridgeway, thought it was a good idea, and at once gave his client the nickname "Heart-throb Hughes." "With his forty-two inch chest and thirty-two inch waist he looks good in trunks and can justify the description," explains Ridgeway.

Hughes has no intention of marrying yet. "It would spoil it for the girls in the gallery," he says. "In any case, my ideal is a young girl with a thirty-eight inch bust, twenty-three inch waist and thirty-six inch hips. If and when I marry I shall keep it dark." He was one of the sponsors of Ann Sullivan, at nineteen the youngest member of the can-can chorus at the Pigalle night-club, when she was baptized at St. James's Church in Piccadilly last March. Her measurements correspond exactly with those of Hughes's ideal.

David Hughes—he was born Geoffrey Paddison in Birmingham—prefers to regard himself as a Welshman; he has deliberately cultivated a Welsh intonation in his speaking voice. He points to the fact that his parents both came from Landor, near Swansea; an uncle, Tom Paddison, played international rugby for Wales from 1906-8; and his ancestors, who are recorded in a family Bible dating from 1803, were all Welsh.

During the depression of the 1920s his parents moved to Birmingham and his father, a tram conductor, encouraged him to join the choir at St. Wulstan's Church, Bournbrook, when he was seven.

At Raddlebarn Lane council school he made "no impression at all" on Edward Mee, one of the masters; and another, William Downes, recalls that he had little interest in sport. But, by the time he was fourteen, his confidence had emerged. His mother, who still lives in Alton Road, Bournbrook, but prefers to be known as Mrs. Hughes—Hughes adopted his father's first two names—recalls that, during a music festival, her son walked on to a stage and announced to Granville Barker, the adjudicator, that he had left his lines at home. "He told Mr. Barker he would 'la' his song for them just the same," says Mrs. Hughes.

Serving with the R.A.F. in Hongkong, Hughes made his first broadcast—from the local radio station. In 1947, when he was demobilized, Hughes had ambitions to be a concert singer. "He was very 'long-haired' musically at the time," says a friend. But, after working as an usher at Birmingham City Hall and studying under Professor Cunelli at the Wigmore Hall, London, he gave up the idea.

"I realized I did not have a great voice," he says, "and teachers were always trying to give me extra notes which I could not carry." Hughes has a range of "two octaves and a bit—with the help of the microphone."

Towards the end of 1948 Olive Bridges and Dorothy McAusland, the theatrical agents, were looking for singers for a West End musical. "Someone recommended a boy at the Wigmore Hall," recalls Miss Bridges. "We went to see Hughes, but he told us he wasn't ready to accept any offer until he had made up his mind whether he was a tenor or a baritone."

Only One Good Shirt

A few days later Hughes appeared at the agents' office in Shaftesbury Avenue. He apologized for wearing a scarf and mentioned that his one good shirt, a nylon, was being washed. He also admitted he had only one good suit. "When he sat down," recalls Miss McAusland, "we could see cardboard nailed to the soles of his shoes."

On March 25, 1949, Hughes began his professional career as Lieutenant Ormby in *Belinda Fair* at the Saville Theatre. "He was terribly raw," says Miss McAusland. "We had to teach him how to walk and talk. We also advised him what to wear off-stage." They vetoed a piece of vivid blue material he proposed having made into a suit.

When, less than four years later, Hughes got his chance as top of the bill at the Prince of Wales Theatre, some newspaper critics were not impressed. "Be yourself!" advised one. Another wrote: "Some of his arm-waving reminded me of a 'bats' officer signalling planes on to a carrier."

The name of David Hughes became better known to the public after Fraser White, who was then his publicity agent, read that Mario Lanza, the Italian singer, had been suspended by his studio in Hollywood. White sent a cable to Nicholas Schenck, M-G-M chief: NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO SIGN UP DAVID HUGHES, BRITAIN'S RADIO AND TV MATINEE IDOL STOP HE HAS THE LUNG POWER OF A LANZA, THE TECHNIQUE OF A SINATRA AND THE LOOKS OF A VALENTINO. Schenck phoned Ben Goetz, his opposite number in London.

Hughes and White were summoned to Elstree studios, where Hughes was promised a film test. Nothing came of it. The only reason the singer can give is that, a few days later, a newspaper printed an incorrect story that he had been signed to take over Lanza's part in the film *The Student Prince*.

The publicity from the Lanza incident, he admits, helped his career. It did not help him, however, when he returned to St. Wulstan's to sing the solo parts in a carol service last Christmas. An old man who knew Hughes when he was a choirboy, but who seldom reads the newspapers, listened attentively and said afterwards: "David is straining his voice. If he goes on like that he'll never succeed." THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Pat on the back

NO one, except a fool, minds having a mistake pointed out; but there are ways of doing it. If you must criticize others, do it helpfully and constructively. Mere fault-finding is an occupation for shallow-minded busybodies.

If you cannot suggest a remedy, don't point out a fault. What the other fellow needs is a pat on the back, not a punch on the nose.

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JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Continued from page 13

works, picked up a length of Hannah's chain from the floor. "Like a bit to hang around your grave?" he said. That was the sort of chain this was, light ornamental stuff, with a diamond of iron held between each link. For Case's was one of those curious little undertakings that seem to flourish better in this Black Country soil than almost anywhere else: it was his business—and pleasure—to fill the odd gaps the mass-producers left, to cater for the idiosyncrasies still permitted to mankind.

Such items as silver-plated nails for saddles. Horse brasses. Odd tackle for ships favoured by some pernickety captain. Climbing nails. Dagger-shaped steel pegs for bricklayers' lines. Long, thin metal staples for saddles. He'd just sent a consignment of those to the Fiji Islands. "I've got just one smith left who can make them, and he's seventy-two. . . . When he's gone, the trade's gone. . . ."

We looked across the road to yet another forge-house, the shape that was now becoming familiar. This was Woodhouse's, another famous Cradley Heath chain family. Fred Woodhouse, the youngest of the three brothers who run the business, took me inside.

Theirs Is Thirsty Work

Twenty forges were ranged down the side of the building, each under its barred window. Fires glowed. Bits of coke crunched under the feet. Grit hung in the shafts of light that fell from the windows. "Tommies"—a sort of primitive drop-hammer operated by a treadle—clanged out on the heavier chain forges. Hammers rang against the "dollies," a sort of hinged tool, shaping the smaller chain. "The more hammer work put into a link," said Fred, "the better it is."

Bottles of milky tea floated in the tanks of water alongside the forges. This is thirsty work. The men had been on the job since 6 a.m. with a break for breakfast at about half past nine. By one o'clock they'd be off home for the day. The men on heavy anchor-cable stop an hour or more earlier. That's the way it goes here. Start early while it's still cool. Make your allotted weight of chain and then let the fire die and get off home. These are independent fellows. They belong to the pre-factory age. No clocking in and out for them!

But along the line of glowing forges there were forges that lay dead and fireless: nearly half of them. Cradley Heath had no smiths left to stand there. "Now in the old days," explained Fred Woodhouse, "when every house had its hearth where the women made their chains, the kids here were more or less born with their fingers in the fire. The nursery of the trade has gone."

Rough, Tough Customers

Down between the ringing forges, with a basket of Coca-Cola, came Tom Smith, an old miner, the men's "beer boy." The beer boy is a time-honoured institution round the chain-houses, and the Cradley Heath men's capacity was proverbial. But this, too, is changing. Bottles of mineral water appear round the forges these days. "I doubt if a single pint of beer is drunk on this whole ground now," said the boss of one big chain works.

Traditionally, the work and place making the men, these Black Country men are heavy eaters, deep drinkers and pretty rough, tough customers all round. Bull-baiting, with all its bestial cruelty and carnage, went on here longer than anywhere else in the country, for at least ten years after it was made illegal in 1835. So did cock-fighting, a keenly pursued sport still in the memory of many Black Country men.

Well, the bulls have gone, but the bullterriers remain—"Staffords" and "Walsalls"—and their fanciers still meet at the Old Cross Guns at Cradley Heath. Cock-fighting has gone, too, but you can still find the odd Black Country man, here and there, who jealously cherishes a gamecock or two in his backyard.

"I would like to report an accident"

But these things today are survivals, lingering on. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"—that, too, was the law of the Black Country where men had to wrest a living from the earth by sheer force of brawn and muscle. Then came the day when the smiths, who had forged the first machines, made machines to make machines. And the sweat of Adam became perspiration and occurred mainly in suburban back gardens.

Clanking Juggernaut

Even here it is happening. Walk a few steps across the yard at Woodhouse's, from the handmade chain forges to the machine-made chain shop, and the point is brought home with devastating force.

Here is a big square-built German juggernaut clanking out chain about half an inch thick at a steady forty-eight links a minute. Next to it is another, watched over by a single worker, cool and leisured, in clean overalls. This one turns out half a ton of pulley block chain in the time it would take a sweating smith to forge a hundredweight.

Then, batteries of smaller semi-automatic machines, tended by women, daughters, many of them, of the famous Cradley Heath chainworkers who sweated day and night over their hearths at the back of their houses for four or five shillings a week. A woman stands by a small electric chain-welding machine. Just a shielded glow as each link moves through, a slight acrid smell. No fierce heat, no dirt, no flames, no smoke.

Yet the firm's output is still split, half and half, between hand-made and machine-made chain. For the world is full of diehards. Some shipping firms swear by hand-forged chains because wrought iron is freer from corrosion in sea-water; others like steel because it is smoother.

Meanwhile, stimulated as it was by wartime needs, technical advance proceeds. New steels that are freer from corrosion. New methods of casting and welding heavy anchors and cables. The argument goes on, as arguments will, and as this has for years. But few people I talked to in Cradley Heath had any doubts of the outcome. The forge and the anvil belong to a world that is dying—dying slowly—but dying. Puddled iron for hand-wrought chains is increasingly hard to get. The foundries aren't making it any more. The smiths themselves are a dying race.

This is more than the decay of an ancient craft; it is the end of an era, the final pages in a heroic chapter of our island story. For it is not only geographically that this is the heart of England; the modern Iron Age was born here. Here, in this cosy network of Black Country villages, lay the sinews of our industrial greatness.

It was at Cradley Forge in Rowley Regis that Dud Dudley, an illegitimate son of the fifth baron of Dudley (who, however, sent him to Balliol), finally succeeded in smelting iron with coal. It was a revolutionary discovery, for only charcoal had been employed hitherto—and the Staffordshire forests were almost used up.

Dudley's secret, lost after his death, was re-discovered three-quarters of a century later by the first of the Darby dynasty of Quaker ironmasters, and put into practice at their foundry at Coalbrookdale in Shropshire, where Abraham Darby III erected England's first iron bridge in 1779.

And then the greatest of all these men of iron—the mighty John Wilkinson, who at Bilston set up the first blast furnace in the world to be blown by a steam engine. A fanatical apostle of iron against wood—he arranged to be buried in an iron coffin—Wilkinson was one of our first real industrialists; the first of the race of tycoons, with multiplying iron works and collieries all over the place, and the imperious temperament of one who had taken on his shoulders the rebuilding of the world. He issued his own coinage, stamped: "John Wilkinson . . . Ironmaster."

And so, here in the heart of England, coal and iron came together at last with a cataclysmic impact, and the Black Country—and industrial England—was born.

Carved Out Canals

From the ports and the estuaries, from the Mersey and the Trent and the Thames and the Severn, Brindley and Telford and the other great "navigators" carved out our canals, striking inwards towards the new wealth opening up in the heart of the land. And, reaching the Black Country, the new arteries crossed and branched into a network of veins, spreading the flow of raw materials from the ports to every muscle of the pulsating heart, carrying away the finished goods, the forgings, the engines, the tubes, the railway lines, the hollow-ware . . . the materials for building a new world.

All that is history, over long ago. Our new world today is being made of jet flight and atomic energy and chemists' miracles. But the canal network of these parts is still the most intricate water web in England. "The cross," as canal men call this junction of routes from the four great rivers, is still near the nation's heart, and still bears its quota of the load. And it is on the banks of the canals that this heroic Black Country chapter comes most vividly to life.

So, I resolved, it would be by canal boat that I would travel across the Black Country, from south to north. Call it, if you like, a sentimental journey.

The Parrot had "British Waterways" in bold letters painted across the side of her cabin. I found her lying alongside the wharf in Sherborne Street, Birmingham. She was a family boat, a North boat, long and narrow as a shuttle. Tom Shackleton had just brought her down in three days from Manchester, with a load of Canadian aluminium pig. Now she was off, empty, to Wolverhampton for new orders.

Tom Shackleton, a bright-eyed old chap of seventy, untied the mooring rope and pitched it aboard, stepping on after it as the Parrot began to move away from the wharf, nosing out into the inky water.

Inside the low-roofed cabin, the brass gleamed. The kettle simmered on the iron stove, playfully embossed by the makers with the brand name "Robinson Crusoe." The panels of the doors and cupboard were painted with castles and intertwined flowers. A row of ornamental plates hung across the end of the cabin. "Winsford Industrial Co-operative Society Jubilee" at one end, Major-General Hector A. MacDonald, D.S.O.—a handsome red-coated figure—at the other.

"Bought it forty years ago for threepence," said Mrs. Shackleton. "I remember it was just after my daughter was born. . . ."

World Of Its Own

She and Tom Shackleton had been travelling up and down the canals of England almost as long as they could remember. Both of their fathers had been boatmen; for that was the way it went on the canals. This was a world, a whole world, of its own, and you had to be born to it; a world which was neither of the town, nor of the country, of the Past, nor of the Present, a timeless world without newspapers, without the cold war, without television. Yet a world with its own rich personalities, with its own important news—delivered in shouts from the backs of passing boats—a busy world, a world of constant movement, not at jet age speed but at the speed of the human heart.

"On the bank" was the boatman's own contemptuous term for the other world, our world. No true boatman could endure being "on the bank" for long. "I've a home fit for a king at Middlewich," shouted old Tom Shackleton above the chugging of the Parrot's engine, "but I can't leave the canal. After I've been home three days I want to be off again. . . ."

"It's a healthy life," he said, as the wind whipped by. And nationalization has greatly improved the boatman's lot. Now there's a regular "fall-back" or guaranteed wage while they're waiting for loads. The boats are better equipped; the canals better dredged; the men better cared for generally.

Yet, especially in winter, when the cold rain slashes down across the "cut," this remains a hard life. That is why the younger generation isn't taking to the canals, why the Waterways Executive has a chronic labour problem. The boatmen—like the smiths—are a dying race.

Glass For Lighthouses

We chugged through Smethwick, past the factory that makes the glass for most of the world's lighthouses. We chugged on through the fringes of West Bromwich, famed not only for its Albion, but also for its springs.

Dudley, with its castle on the hill, was coming up out of the mist on our port bow; Dudley with its torrent of fenders and fire-irons. Now over to our right lay Wednesbury (tubes and gun-locks), and Darlaston (nuts and bolts).

Now and again, another boat would pass us in a flurry of exchanged gossip. There was a shout for "Joe" at the canal boat weigh-gauge, and a couple of hurled apples that brought him running out of his little wooden office. But, for the most part, this was a quiet, half-forgotten world.

There are three locks in a row at Tipton. They were "against us," needing "drying-out." Buckling on the leather belt that had been swinging ready from a hook, Mrs. Shackleton tucked an iron handle into it and

hurried off down the bank to open up the sluices.

"Women has to do a lot at this job," said Tom Shackleton. "Kids, too, at that. Things that shouldn't happen. Supposed to go to school, but I'll bet you not one out of ten of 'em ever does. Can't tell a bull from a rhinocerous, they can't. But even if they go the teachers don't want 'em. Just stick 'em at the back somewhere and give 'em a book to draw in. . . ."

Nearing Coseley, for a few hundred yards before we slipped into the tunnel there, the canal banks were green, the feeling, for a moment, almost rural. Yet great clattering works were just around the corner. That is how it is in this Black Country. The towns may be grimy and drab, yet somehow the hint of the village remains; the citizens, far removed from the city-slickers of Birmingham and Liverpool and London, still move solidly to the country tempo.

Their traditional pursuits are country pursuits: bull terrier breeding, the outlawed cock-fighting. Not long ago many homes still brewed their own beer, and the Black Country workman, like the Ruhr miner, wasn't happy without a pig at the bottom of his yard.

Snake Of Glowing Steel

Already the Parrot was moving through the edge of Bilston, past the tall stacks and serried blast furnaces of Stewart and Lloyds, half veiled, as steel works are, in vapours, past the great works of John Thompsons, where the Queen Mary's boilers were made, past Bayliss, Jones and Bayliss, where the canal boats sometimes put in to pick up loads of fish-bolts or chair-bolts for the railways and tramways of the world.

Tom Shackleton, at the tiller, pointed into the iron jungle. "You can generally see it about here," he said. "Look! Just there! Like a snake!"

Out of the dimness leapt a glowing bar of steel, streaking through the rolling mill like quicksilver, leaping, red-white, from the rollers, raising an orange head as if to strike. . . . Tom Shackleton had passed that spot thousands of times, but the sight could still excite him.

The coal canal came in from Cannock now, and Wolverhampton trolleybuses were crossing the bridges. Tom Shackleton manoeuvred the Parrot into a nook beside the canal offices. For me, it was the end of the journey. I stepped on to the wharf, waved goodbye, and a moment later was walking down a Wolverhampton street.

Brisk City And Bright

Wolverhampton is a bit of a surprise. For a town sometimes ticketed "capital of the Black Country" it seems unexpectedly clean; here and there were to be seen buildings which would even pass as whitish. In atmosphere, the place somehow felt more genuinely metropolitan than Birmingham, perhaps because it has what Birmingham has not—character, a presence.

And although an old town, set in an old-fashioned area, it has, nevertheless, an air of up-to-dateness and briskness which reminded me a little of Leeds. Baskets of flowers dangle from the electric standards in Queen Square, where trolleybuses and cars swirl around the statue of the Prince Consort on his horse. The flowers are part of a "brighten-up" movement which is spreading—with striking effect—right across the Black Country.

Wolverhampton has a fine, modern, well-equipped civic hall, under the control of its cultural and entertainments committee, and in almost nightly use. There's a repertory theatre, a civic choir, batteries of amateur dramatic and operatic societies, a literary and scientific society with a membership waiting list running into many hundreds, one of the biggest aero clubs in Britain and annual drama and music festivals.

High among the assets of Wolverhampton as a civilizing metropolis must be placed the church of St. Peter, set back on a hill in the heart of the city, surrounded by green terraced gardens that run down to the main street.

In summer, when the stone fountain splashes merrily, these gardens are one of the pleasantest green spaces in the centre of a city that I know. On their benches, housewives and old men and young couples sit, on the terraces, between the rosebeds, watching the traffic go by in the street below—an easy stone's throw away, yet worlds away.

And, behind, rises the tall square red sandstone tower of St. Peter's. This is a church with a unique distinction. In it, on April 19, 1757, was married an obscure Wolverhampton tradesman with the odd name of Button Gwinnett. Some years later, this Gwinnett emigrated to the American colonies where he opened a shop in Savannah and, in 1776, became one of the fifty-five men who appended their signatures to the Declaration of Independence.

It happens that St. Peter's, like many other large churches today, is engaged in a hard struggle to make ends meet, and, a few months ago, baffled by this intractable problem, someone had an inspiration. Button Gwinnett's signature! Why not sell the page out of the register to America for, say, £10,000? One of Gwinnett's signatures had, in fact, brought that sum in prewar days from American collectors whose mania is to acquire the entire set of the fifty-five signatories of the Declaration of Independence.

The idea was received with enthusiasm. The church council lost no time in applying to the chancellor of the diocese for a faculty to make the sale. They were informed that he did not possess the power to grant it. Undismayed, they sought counsel's opinion. But the result was the same.

Back To Queen Elizabeth

So I went up the gardens and into the great church which has the proportions of a cathedral to take a look at this obscure tradesman's valuable bit of writing. The verger was coiling up cable from the floor. "Who?" he said, looking up. "Oh, that. It's not here, you know. It's at the bank in the safe deposit."

He took me over and unlocked his cupboards to show me the long rows of parish registers, running back to 1603, devotedly kept down the years, and entered in a beautiful hand. They were all there, right back from the present day to the year the first Queen Elizabeth died—all except the register for the year 1757, when a certain Button Gwinnett, a tradesman, took his bride to the altar in St. Peter's.

"I'm not a Wolverhampton man myself," the verger said. "I come from Willenhall. Used to make locks out of silver threepenny bits there, and tiny little locks for pet dogs' collars . . . all sorts of locks in Willenhall. . . ."

It is indeed one of the Black Country's most extraordinary local specializations. Crossing the Black Country from Cradley Heath to Willenhall, just a short trolleybus ride out of Wolverhampton, you pass from the toughest work on the biggest pieces of iron to the most delicate work on the smallest: from a town of blacksmiths to a town of locksmiths.

The Black Country calls this little town "Humpshire," because — and there's grim truth in the jest—Willenhall men from early youth used to spend so much time stooped over their files that they developed crooked backs. It's said that a Willenhall widow, putting out the photograph of her late departed on the piano, has a hollow scooped in the wall behind for his hump to fit into—a characteristic essay in the Black Country's own peculiar "shaggy dog" humour.

It's just another unobtrusive, rather drab, rather backwaterish little town, with street after street of old, worn, crumbling "cottage property." Yet this unimpressive little place has a truly large and impressive function: it is dedicated to the protection of Britain's property; it makes more than ninety per cent of the nation's locks.

There are locksmiths' workshops in almost every street. Most of them are small affairs, a master man and a dozen or two craftsmen working together on the bench in some old cottage or shed at the bottom of a passage. But there are two or three big firms, too, which these days are responsible for a large part of Willenhall's lock output.

In the large modern factory of Josiah Parkes and Sons—one of the old Willenhall family firms that mechanized and grew—I watched teams of brown-overalled girls producing the firm's "Union" brand of cylinder locks. It was a scene that reminded me a little of a mechanized watch factory. Girls sat at neat grey machines which delicately spat out small parts in a flow of oil.

Others were assembling parts. Another small group sat at a bench, swiftly fitting locks to keys, dropping the proper combination of pins of varying lengths into each cylinder-plug so as to match the particular pattern of each key. With a five-notch key and pins of eight different lengths, 32,768 variations are mathematically possible—without starting to take into account variations in the placing of the lengthwise grooves.

Parkes employ around a thousand people; just across the road from their modern offices stands the small workshop of James Banks, employing eight and specializing in "Scotch locks," which are made with a short, tough "Scotch spring," cold-forged by hand.

"It'll last a hundred years, that," said Abraham Banks, as he showed me on the anvil just how it was done. Scotch locks also, it seems, have two keyholes, one large, one small. "Sensible people they are up there, too," said Banks. "Put a lock on like that and it's cheaper in the end; but the Scots are the only ones that know it these days. . . ."

Not until you've been in Willenhall a few hours do you begin to realize how many different sorts of locks exist . . . suites of hotel locks with their floor keys and master-key; ships' locks made from non-corroding metals; prison cell-locks with their preposterous keys and accurately cut "wards"; car locks; locks for the jewel-cases of maharajas; and locks for the doors of English schoolrooms.

Willenhall eats, talks, breathes locks. It was from the men of this ancient craft, the masters of the file, of Willenhall, as from the blacksmiths of Cradley Heath, that Boulton and Watt and the rest drew the men who became Britain's pioneer engineers. And still today the Black Country smith is welcome in the motor-car foundries of Birmingham, and the locksmiths of Willenhall are gratefully received in the aircraft factory of Wolverhampton and elsewhere.

A Lock That Chimed

Wolverhampton, like Willenhall, has a lock in its coat of arms and, as early as the seventeenth century, journalists were writing about the wonderful locks made in the town, including, it seems, one which incorporated a set of chimes. These days, Wolverhampton specializes in what locksmiths call "high-class security work."

For in 1818, a certain Jeremiah Chubb invented a patent "detector" lock which, when tampered with, jammed until duly released by the proper key turned in reverse; this started a notable battle of wits against the world's burglars, a battle which made the name of Chubb famous.

"Now here," said a Chubb's executive, as we walked through the big factory, "here's what we call a 'second strength banker.'" He patted a formidable safe, elegant in fresh grey paint. Awed, I peered into the empty interior. "You see, what we sell is time. You would have to work very many hours to get into that one. . . ."

Below, a welder's flame hissed fiercely. Heavy presses thundered, cutting out safe sides. Safes in all sizes, from wall safes for the humble home to tremendous "Treasury doors," six or more inches thick.

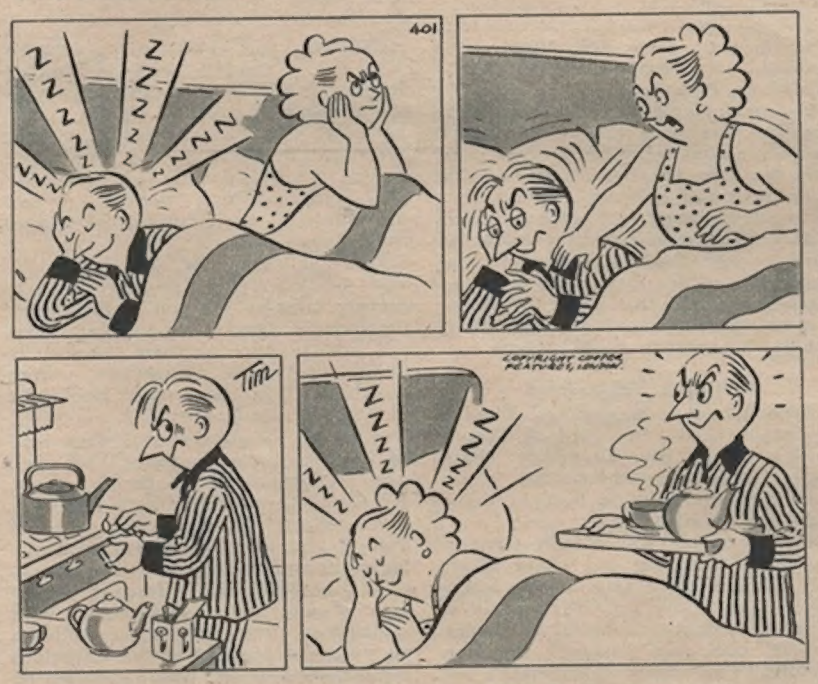
Tough On The Cracksman

We stopped in front of a twelve-ton monster, bound for Canada. As in war, so in property protection, the techniques of attack and defence are in constant pursuit of each other. "Now, when I started here as a boy," said the charge hand, "we never used to think about blow-pipes; we only thought about being drill-proof. But in all the burglary cases over the last year, I doubt whether there was one where the cracksman used a drill. They've learned to use explosives now."

But any cracksman who tries to blow up the locks on this massive Treasury door will only be making things tough for himself. For the explosion will actuate a series of secret locking devices, the positions of which are regularly changed. In addition to its four keyless combination locks, this particular door incorporates four time locks, which ensure that the safe can be opened only at certain hours.

Wolverhampton . . . Willenhall . . . and, completing the property-protecting triangle, the urban village of Wednesfield. Wednesfield traditionally makes the keys to fit its neighbour's locks. Changing conditions, machine-production and German competition

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



have reduced the trade, but thousands of keys still go out all over the world from Wednesfield's small workshops.

Take the Davenports. Harry Davenport has given up keys now and keeps the Red Lion in Amos Lane, but sons and nephews still carry on the old family trade in Wednesfield, in five small key-making firms. From a Walsall foundry come the rough cast blanks, and then, in the small workshops beside the houses, women workers take them over, beading and shanking, drilling, bitting, flatting, bobbing and polishing. These days, power-driven machinery fills the sheds, but Wednesfield still has its old key craftsmen who work largely by hand.

I found Tom Mason, for instance, in the crowded workshop at the back of his house, working over a big key that was cut in a complex pattern of fine channels, like a Chinese puzzle.

Tom Mason was an "outworker" on fine "odd work." When, somewhere in England, someone lost or broke the key to some ancient gate, his order for a new one would gravitate by degrees to Wednesfield, and then, most likely, to Tom Mason's bench. There was that old Russian chest of the Marquis of Bath's for which he had made a new key. And Lord Derby's kennels. "Beautiful work they used to do a hundred years ago," he said. "Makes you realize there must have been some very good men. . . ."

Died At His Anvil

There was a forge at the side of the shop, and a dusty old pendulum clock ticked away somewhere in the gloom at the back. "My old dad worked just there until he was eighty-two," said Tom Mason, pointing at one of the two lathes. "Then, one morning, he went into the house to have his tea—with a spoonful of whisky he took it. 'I'll just go and have the usual,' he says, and those were the last words he ever spoke. 'I'll never cause any trouble when I go,' he used to say, and he didn't. *His* dad now, his dad dropped dead at that anvil, forging keys. . . ."

This little Black Country place on the edge of Wolverhampton has another traditional old industry with worldwide ramifications: the making of traps. If a man sets traps for rats in a West African warehouse, for coypus on a South American ranch, for lions in the East African bush or tigers in the Indian jungle, it is very likely that the trap comes from Wednesfield.

Sidebothams, the biggest trap manufacturers, in the Wolverhampton road, started out in a small wooden hut ninety years ago. Today, with an output running up to half a million traps a year, the factory is mechanized, but there are still some traps that must be made by hand.

Fred The Lion Killer

That's Fred Done's job. I found him working on dingo traps for Western Australia. Traps for every sort of bird and beast festooned the small workshop. "This is for hooded crows," said Fred, taking one down. "Up in the Highland of Scotland. See, you bait it with an egg here. . . ." Lions? "Well, now, I reckon I've caught more lions than any man alive."

He picked up a couple of lion traps from the floor, formidable things with heavy saw-toothed jaws. "Sixteen-inch plate," he said. "That's where you put your bait, see." He fixed one of the lion traps into the vice on the bench, and prised open the fearsome jaws to the "set" position. "Now just put your finger on the plate here . . . all right, it's quite all right . . . put your hand underneath, this way . . . keep your face away . . . just one finger. . . ."

Crash! The terrible jaws flew together with a convulsive shudder. I shuddered. Fred beamed, much gratified. "Once made two elephant traps," he said. "Thirty-six inch plates. You could have put a whole sheep on them. . . ." He caught my apprehensive glance. "No, I'm afraid I can't show them to you," he said. "Aren't here any more. It's a pity. . . ."

"It certainly is," I said, the colour returning slowly. THE END

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A BUSY young Bristol woman won *Bullets* 1,909 First Prize. Next, our 1,910th First Prize telegram brought overwhelming delight to the reader you see here—twenty-four year old law student, Mr. L. Stenning, 85 Harefields Ave., Leeds.

This week's contest decides who receives the first 1954 *Bullets* First Prize telegram on Friday, January 1. Enjoy a few minutes with *this* page, post off your *Bullets* in time—and New Year's Day can be *your* day!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Lesson From History
The Union Machine
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A Poor Thing
Caught A Cold
Efficiency
Louder And Louder
On The Surface
A Bit Primitive
Bird In A Cage
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£25: W. Ford, 12 Linden Avenue, Blackburn: CINEMA v. TELEVISION—GOOD SHOW! BETTER SHOWS!

£20: E. E. Channell, 7 Hatton Road, Blacon, Chester: BEAUTIFULLY WRITTEN—LETTER, BETRAYED APPLICANT'S AGE!

OTHER AWARDS: £15: Miss F. Brown, 22 Boyer Street, Loughborough: ON THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY—LET'S SUFFER *Rules* GLADLY! £10: H. H. Ray, 122 Millshaw, Beeston, Leeds: FAMILY TO BE PROUD OF—IN STEP, IN "STEPS." £5: Mrs. M. Baker, 40 Winchester Avenue, Old Roan, Aintree: PANIC IN THE STUDIO—MR. WINNICK'S PERMISSION *Late*! £5: S. T. Chinn, 16 Basset Road, Camborne: RIVERS OF BLOOD—AND *Trickling* ROAD FUND. £5: V. Rose, 14 Kelvin Court, Woodlands Grove, Isleworth, Middx: BETWEEN THE PACKED—DESKS, DIFFICULT "REACHING" JOHNNY. £5: D. Seabrook, 96 Arcadian Gardens, London, N.22: MAKING MERRY—SEEMS SO "MANUFACTURED," TODAY! £5: F. L. Tucker, 631a Clovelly Road, London, W.4: THE OLD FOLKS—"SETTLE DOWN"—*Then* "WANDER."

(Each winner from £25 to £5 receives also a Christmas Turkey.)

For 10 winners of £2 10s. plus Christmas Turkey see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Winners of 25 Christmas Fowls have been notified and 1,500 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (*Bullets* in JOHN BULL dated Jan. 16 and Xwords in JOHN BULL dated Jan. 30), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 9, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,916 result.)

CHRISTMAS XWORD £500 CASH FOR NEW YEAR

£400 FIRST PRIZE—Winner's telegram, Wednesday, January 13—£60 Second Prize—£40 Third Prize—all CASH!

THIS WAY TO WIN

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two*, *three* or *four* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — **XWORD 863**

1. Way these develop is sometimes due to shortage of essential food
3. Keeping one may well prove costlier than people expected
5. Slippery one may cause young feet to stumble
8. Sculptor sometimes finds he's got to make this of some public figure
10. What kiddy will probably find in his Christmas stocking
12. May appear as cold as ice
13. It's difficult to get this without light of some kind
14. As long as there's plenty of this, people are inclined to think their Christmas party is a success

Down Clues

1. Kiddies sometimes find old one just—the thing during Christmas fun
2. Some children grumble if given these as Christmas presents
4. This on suburban line may make city worker late home
6. Casting of one is sometimes the cause of a failure
7. That of a test pilot is never without danger
8. They get a dusting now and again
9. Close co-operation of players makes successful ones possible
11. No wonder postmen detest them

XWORD 860 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Hurt. 3, Swag. 6, Waster. 7, Piles. 9, Shoo. 12, Carp. 14, Dupe. 15, Posh. DOWN: 2, Race. 3, Seats. 4, Gun. 5, Top. 8, Swell. 10, Store. 11, Cold. 13, Pat.

£600 CASH FIRST PRIZE OUTRIGHT WINNER: J. A. Davies, 12 Heywood Road, Liverpool.

£100 cash Second Prize shared by 45 entrants. £50 cash Third Prize shared by 394 entrants.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,916 (or Xword 863), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.
BULLET .....
EX. ..... 6d.
B. .....
EX. ..... 6d.
B. .....
EX. .....
B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
EX. .....
B. .....

NOTE BONUS OFFER ABOVE for FULLY COMPLETED COUPON

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

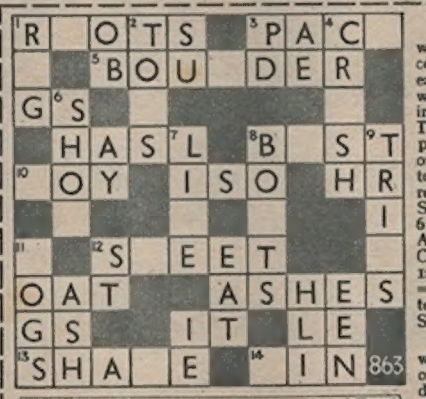
Address.....

.....

1,916 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 21

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated January 9. **729**

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "Bulletin"



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.
No.		4s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **863** Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 4

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Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Extra Answers to two Clues = 4 Squares, 1s.; to three Clues = 8 Squares, 2s.; to four Clues = 16 Squares, 4s.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated January 16.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry needing not more than 8s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

Another £500 Xword coupon for this Contest in next week's issue.

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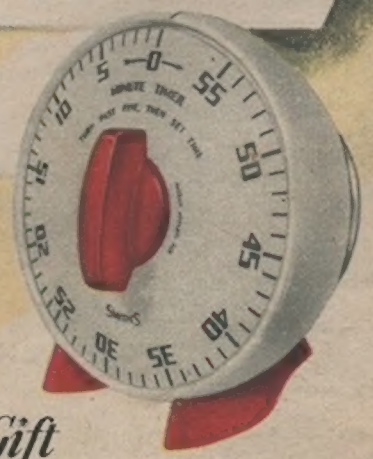

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